STORY WORSHIP SERVICES *for the* JUNIOR CHURCH

MARY KIRKPATRICK BERG

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STORY WORSHIP SERVICES FOR THE JUNIOR CHURCH

"Everyland"

"We Love Each Other"

STORY WORSHIP SERVICES FOR THE JUNIOR CHURCH

BY

MARY KIRKPATRICK BERG

Author of

PRIMARY STORY WORSHIP PROGRAMS'

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STORY WORSHIP SERVICES FOR THE JUNIOR CHURCH

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TO MY FATHER

WHOSE "CHILDREN'S MEETINGS" ARE AMONG THE
CHERISHED MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

These story services were originally written for the *Homiletic Review,* and now appear in book form with its very kind permission. They were designed to take not more than ten minutes of the morning Church Service, and were written with grades three, four, five, six and seven of the Public School particularly in mind.

FOREWORD

THE TERM "JUNIOR CHURCH"

The term "Junior Church" has come to stand for two groups of children. First, those children who gather with the adult congregation at the morning service. It has long been the custom with many ministers, to use ten minutes or so each Sunday morning in talking directly to these children. This has been an ungraded group, either seated with their parents, or in front seats reserved for them. These so-called "sermons" to children, are still given and will continue to be in use doubtless for some time to come.

But the term, "Junior Church" has come to have a much wider significance, than a scattered ungraded group, sharing the adult morning service.

It has become in many churches, a carefully graded group of children, coming largely from the church school. These children may or may not worship with the adult congregation, but all hold a service apart, in a separate room or rooms, at which time opportunity is given not alone for worship, but for drill, handwork, dramatization and other expressional activities. It is hoped that these "Story Services" may find a place here and help these children in their worship period.

METHODS USED BY LEADERS

(a) The Object Talk.

"Object Talks," the method for which is to use objects and center the talk around that object, has been a very popular method for use in talking to children. A lighted candle may illustrate a life of service, the cross, the Christian life of Sacrifice, a radio may illustrate prayer, etc.

Those using all such devices will secure interest and attention from the start, and the temptation to use all such for this very reason is strong. Yet it is well to bear in mind that securing interest is not the real objective but to teach some truth. It is doubtful if an object talk does this, for it has been found, again and again, that children do not reason from the abstract, nor from symbolism, but from the concrete alone.

The Minister who painstakingly carried a small victrola into the pulpit, first playing a cracked record, and then a perfect one secured the closest and most flattering attention from the children, while the adults were unanimous in declaring this to be the greatest "sermon" they had ever listened to. But it is doubtful if the truth of a "Perfect Life," and the one "Spoiled Through Sin," reached the children's hearts, for to them a Victrola Record is always a Victrola Record and never a life, by any stretch of imagination.

(b) Texts with Moral Talks Attached.

Here is a method sometimes employed. A Bible verse is taken or object shown—when a "Talk" follows with obvious moral attached. But this method

too, often fails to teach the truth, the reason being that children, no less than adults turn from moralizing with secret aversion, their inward comment being, "We know all that; we've heard it before. Give us something new."

(c) The Story Method.

The story is an unfailing interest in the life of all children. Down through the ages it comes to us, a method tried and true, for teaching the living truth; a method that has been used by all teachers since teaching became an art.

With brief introduction the leader starts his story. Chosen with care to suit the theme, with all useless words avoided, with moralizing eliminated, forward goes the story. The children follow with eager interest, what will happen before it ends? Their best wishes attend the hero, they see themselves in his place —The story ends. They heave a satisfied sigh—they too would be like that if given a chance! The story has gone home. It has found its place in a life, a living life of tomorrow. Next Sunday they hear another story on the same theme, it may be "Kindness." Again the next Sunday "Kindness," and so on through the month. By that time, it is hoped, the thought, "Kindness towards others, is one of Life's great laws" sinks deep into consciousness and becomes a part of the subconscious self.

THE SOURCE FOR STORY MATERIAL

Among the sources that should have prominent place the following may be mentioned:

(a) The Bible.

The Bible with its wonderful life stories, suited to all ages, is ideal for our purpose. In selecting material for these "Story Services" therefore, the Bible has been used again and yet again.

(b) History and Biography.

A true story always makes an appeal all its own. Here too we find our source rich and abundant. Some simple incident may be reclothed and enlarged to fill our need. Such services based upon Dr. Grenfel and his work in Labrador, Gen. Pershing at the tomb of Lafayette, Stevenson and his Island home, are secured by this method.

(c) Books.

Careful search in Public Libraries will find many books from which story material can be secured. Among the many that might be mentioned, space will only permit the recommendation of two series, viz:—

The Golden Rule Series—six volumes—by Sneath and Hodge,

and

Atlantic Readers—four volumes—by Randall J. Condin.

(d) The Daily Newspaper.

One of the best of all sources for story material may be found in the daily paper. Crime is not the only news published. Brave deeds, unselfish living, heroism of all kind, also has its place. Much material used

in these story services, has been found first in the newspaper.

Material so found, was frequently investigated and interviews held with the "hero," before the choice was made. In so doing, the boy scout, honored by Pershing, was found to be an unassuming, modest, and manly type of lad, reluctant to show his medal, or talk of his brave deeds.

The hero of the Paper Route, refused to have his real name used, insisting he had done nothing worthy of praise or of mention.

The story of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was not chosen because he was the President's son, but for his words, made memorable by his life. "I like to work; I want to stick to the job," and for his modesty in declining the title, "First Boy of the Land."

It is material such as this our daily papers furnish us, material that we can so well use for our purpose.

The Final Thought.

The writer has in mind many devoted ministers, busy with their innumerable tasks connected with their calling, who yet find time for the children, who gather at the morning service. To all such these simple story services are offered, with the hope that they may help in part to answer the question, "What shall I talk to them about this Sunday?" and no higher reward is asked for than that the response on the part of the children may be, "That's fine! I'm going to be like that too."

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Funk and Wagnalls Company for permission to reprint this ma-

terial in book form; to the Women's Board of Foreign Missions for permission to use their leaflet, "The Brown Lamb's Gift," also for the true incident, from which was written the story, "How Sita Showed Her Gratitude"; to George H. Doran Company for permission to adapt the story, "The Boy on London Bridge"; to "Everyland" and to Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of the Federal Council of Churches thanks are due for the frontispiece, "We Love Each Other," and to the Wide World Photos for the Picture of Colonel Lindbergh and his plane. Thanks are also due the Boston Post for the pictures of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., and Miss Enebuske and her dog Scamp, and to the Boston Traveller for the picture of James Smith. Grateful acknowledgment is also made to President Coolidge, for the photographed copy of his son's letter. All hymns for these services are taken from the "Hymnal for American Youth," Smith.

Finally, heartfelt thanks are due my friend Bessie L. Doherty, of the Boston Public Library, whose unfailing interest, kindly criticism and helpfulness in securing story material, have so largely helped to make these services possible.

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD ix

CHAPTER I 25

The first month. Theme: "Service."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"A Helpless Cripple Who Threw Away His Crutches."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"How a Giant Used His Strength."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"A Race for Life in the Cold Northland."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Newsboy Who Became a Hero."

CHAPTER II 35

The second month. Theme: "Work."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"The Building of a Great Wall."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the Boy Who Stuck to the Job."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"A Boy Who Disliked Work."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Newspaper Route That Led to College."

PAGE

CHAPTER III 46

The third month. Theme: "Gratitude."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"A Leper Who Remembered to Say "Thank You."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"The Story of Two Great Generals."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"How Sita Showed Her Gratitude."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"The Highway That Stretched Through the Jungle."

CHAPTER IV 57

The fourth month. Theme: "Peace and Good Will."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"The Conqueror of the Great White Plague."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"How Two Nations Learned to Settle a Quarrel Without War."

SERVICE NO. 3. (CHRISTMAS SUNDAY.)
"The Shepherd Who Forgave All."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"How a White Man Trusted Some Indians."

CHAPTER V 68

The fifth month. Theme: "Giving."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"The Christmas Gifts of Three Mighty Kings."

PAGE

SERVICE NO. 2.
"Gopal Brings His Gift."
SERVICE NO. 3.
"Sir Launfal Finds the Holy Grail."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"The Best Gift That Day."

CHAPTER VI 81

The sixth month. Theme: "Lovers of Country."
SERVICE NO. 1.
"A Girl Queen, Who Faced Death to Save Her People."
SERVICE NO. 2.
"A Brave Sergeant Who Loved His Country."
SERVICE NO. 3.
"Giovanni, the Boy Who Refused to Hear His Country Slandered."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Good Queen Saves Her People From Fear."

CHAPTER VII 92

The seventh month. Theme: "Fidelity."
SERVICE NO. 1.
"A Night in a Lion's Den."
SERVICE NO. 2.
"The Story of Jimmy Standby."
SERVICE NO. 3.
"A Dog Hero in No Man's Land."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Rescue That Thrilled the World."

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII 103

The eighth month. Theme: "Kindness."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"An Army Conquered Through Kindness."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"Why the Enebuske Dog Team Lost the Race."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"A Strange Ride Home."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"Old Grouch."

CHAPTER IX 115

The ninth month. Theme: "Honesty."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"Why a Runaway Slave Returned to His Master."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"What It Cost a Young Man to Be Honest."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"Fairlie's Examination."

SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Lost Pocket Book Finds the Owner."

CHAPTER X 129

The tenth month. Theme: "Courage."

SERVICE NO. 1.
"The Story of a Great Shipwreck."

SERVICE NO. 2.
"How Courage Helped a Boy to Success."

SERVICE NO. 3.
"Adrift All Night on an Icepan."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"How General Pershing Honored a Boy Scout Hero."

CHAPTER XI 140
Good Citizenship.
SERVICE NO. 1.
"Helping Uncle Sam."
SERVICE NO. 2.
"Four Captive Princes in a Palace."
SERVICE NO. 3.
"The World's Family Doctor."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"A Man Who Put the World On Wheels."

CHAPTER XII 156
World Friendship.
SERVICE NO. 1.
"Being Friends With the World."
SERVICE NO. 2.
"A Journey in a Chariot."
SERVICE NO. 3.
"A Flying Hero Brings Friendship to the Nation."
SERVICE NO. 4.
"How Ten Thousand Dolls Said 'We Love You.'"

ILLUSTRATIONS

"We Love Each Other" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"I like to work; I want to stick to the job."—
Calvin Coolidge, Jr. 38

Letter from Calvin Coolidge, Jr. to his friend . 39

Heroes beyond praise: The volunteer crew of
The Roosevelt 100

"PALS"
Miss Enebuske and her dog Scamp . . . 106

JAMES SMITH:
"I am proud, James, to stand on this platform with you, and to present to you this medal, for saving a human life."—(*General Pershing*) . 138

"A Flying Hero Brings Peace and Good Will" 164

STORY WORSHIP SERVICES FOR THE JUNIOR CHURCH

CHAPTER I

First Month. Theme, "Service"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

AIM: To help children sense the joy of service, and to inspire them with a determination to help others as opportunity shall come, even at personal cost and sacrifice.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing," No. 213.

SERVICE NO. 1

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE WHO THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCH

APPROACH: A Child's Crutch.

INTRODUCTION (Shows crutch): You all know what this is. Yes, a crutch. It is better to go on crutches than not to walk at all; but fancy how hard it would be to get around that way, even for a day. You active boys and girls don't even want to think of such a thing. My story this morning is about a poor, helpless cripple, and how, one day, he threw away his crutches forever.

THE STORY: There he sat at the beautiful gate of the temple—a poor, wretched, helpless beggar, for to beg was all he could do. He had never walked a step

in his whole life. The sun beat down on his uncovered head. He was thirsty, but could not get a drink himself, and there was no one who cared enough about him to bring him one.

Eagerly he scanned the faces of the passers-by. Surely some one would throw him a small coin, just enough to buy a little bread; but no one noticed his outstretched hand; nobody cared if he was thirsty or hungry; no one even glanced sympathetically his way.

"It is useless," he thought, "I shall get no help to-day." And again came the great desire, "Oh, if I could only walk!" And then something happened. He saw two men approaching. They seemed to be talking about him. They looked his way and spoke in low tones. "I believe they will give me something," he thought; "they look kind." He raised his eyes in eager longing and once more held out his hand.

The strangers came near. They seemed full of sympathy. "My poor fellow," said one, "it is hard for you to sit here all day in this hot sun." They were the first kind words he had heard that day. They cheered him wonderfully.

"Alas, sirs," he said, "this is all I can do, for I can not walk a step. My friends bring me here each day that I may beg of passers-by but to-day I have received nothing."

"We have no money to give you," said one of the strangers, "but we want to help you. We are friends of Jesus of Nazareth. In His name, we bid you rise and walk." Then Peter (for it was he) reached out, took the poor cripple by the hand, and helped him to his feet; and now an amazing thing happened. Strength

seemed to come to those crippled limbs that never before had taken one step. "I believe I can walk," said the man. He took one step, then another. It was true, he could walk! Can you imagine his joy? No more a beggar's life for him!

Peter and John passed on into the temple and the man, no longer a cripple, followed them, thanking God with his whole heart.

PRAYER: Oh God, our Father, we thank thee for the joy of service. Help us to think of others and to be quick to help when the chance comes. Amen.

HYMN: No. 213, verses 1 and 4 (children stand and sing and then retire).

SERVICE No. II

HOW A GIANT USED HIS STRENGTH

Picture for use at close of story: Brickdale's "St. Christopher"[1]

INTRODUCTION: Every boy and girl here knows what a giant is. My story this morning is about a giant and how he searched the world over for a master worthy of his powers.

THE STORY: This giant lived long ago. Because of his great strength he performed big tasks, and earned his name "Offero," meaning "Bearer."

Always Offero said, "I will work for the greatest

[1] The Picture Shop. 65 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. Size 6½ x 9½. Price $1.50; 10 x 14—colored—(very beautiful) $3.00.

world king, but if ever I find him afraid, I will leave his service straightway."

One day his master heard the name "Satan" and he trembled with fear. "Who is Satan," said Offero, "that thou dost tremble so?" "He is a wicked monarch," said his master, "I fear him." "Then," said Offero, "I leave thy service and seek Satan." So he traveled, seeking Satan and when he had found him, he served him day and night. But one day, beside a wayside cross, he saw Satan tremble. Offero was greatly troubled. "Why dost thou tremble?" he asked; "Tell me, art thou afraid?" "I fear Christ," whispered Satan; "the cross is His sign. He could destroy me."

"I serve thee no longer," quoth Offero. "I seek thy Master, Christ." And he left Satan forever.

Far and wide traveled Offero, seeking Christ the King. One day he met with a hermit, who told him all concerning Christ, his Master. "Dost seek to enter his service?" quoth the hermit. "That thou canst do, this very day. Seest thou yon river, deep and wide? Many there are who fain would cross, but no bridge nor ford can they find. Stay thou here and help those who would cross to the other side. This will gladden the heart of the Christ King, for they who come here are His friends.

Then did the heart of Offero rejoice, for, said he, "this help can I surely give." So he built him a small hut by the river bank; then cutting a strong staff to steady his steps in the deep water, he waited to serve.

And now, day after day, the great giant helped people to cross the river, and every day he hoped to meet Christ, the great King; but Christ never came.

One night a fierce storm raged. High above the roar of the wind, the giant heard a child's voice calling, "Offero, Offero, please help me cross!"

Seizing his staff, he hastened to the river bank and there he found the child. Offero lifted him in his great arms and plunged into the waters. Never had they seemed so deep—could he reach the other side? With each step the child grew heavier. His clinging arms seemed to drag the giant down. "For the child's sake, I dare not fall," thought Offero. So he struggled on, step by step. At last he reached the shore, the child safe within his arms. And lo, the childish form vanished and in his place Offero beheld Christ his King.

Then said a voice, "Rejoice, oh Offero. To-night hast thou borne Christ thy King, whom, lo, these many years thou hast served. And from to-night, because thou hast borne me, thou shalt be called Christopher, The Christ-Bearer, and in proof thereof, behold, thy staff shall grow and blossom." Then the voice and form vanished in the night. Offero was alone, but the staff in his hand bore beautiful fragrant blossoms and joy greater than ever before entered his heart for now he knew he had indeed found Christ, the greatest King of all, and he was content.

(Here may be shown the picture of St. Christopher. After quiet contemplation and a few words of comment, the leader may use the following:)

PRAYER: Oh God, our Father, help us to use our bodies aright that thou hast given us, that they may be strong for the service of Christ our King. Amen.

HYMN: 213.

Service No. III

A RACE FOR LIFE IN THE COLD NORTH-LAND

Picture: Alaska, showing snow, icebergs, dog-teams, etc. Secured from public library, mission boards or other sources—large enough for children to see distinctly.

Hymn: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," No. 260.

Introduction: All you boys and girls have learned about this great cold country called Alaska; how its rivers are frozen solid, and how snow covers the ground many feet deep, the greater part of the year. My story this morning is a true one of how fifty people had diphtheria, in Nome, Alaska, and how they got the antitoxin there in time to save the city.

The Story: Nome is a little city on the west coast of Alaska. It is terribly cold there the greater part of the year, and its harbor is filled with ice from October to June.

One day something happened; an Esquimo boy got diphtheria. Soon he was very sick. The next day another was taken with it—then another and another. Very soon there were fifty men, women and children sick with diphtheria in Nome. It was discovered that the supply of antitoxin was very low, not nearly enough to prevent the spread of the dread disease; unless something were done quickly, hundreds would be in danger.

But there was some antitoxin in the extreme southern part of Alaska and every effort was made to get it to Nome with all speed. A twenty-pound can was shipped by the Alaska Railroad to Nenana. Here the railroad stopped. Six hundred miles of deep trackless snow lay between Nenana and Nome. But there was still a way to get there. There were the sleds and the dog teams. And now began one of the greatest and most terrible races for life that has ever been run. Mile upon mile, over the frozen wasteland, raced the dog teams and their splendid drivers. As fast as one team dropped exhausted, another took its place.

When about sixty miles from Nome, a terrible blizzard began to rage. The freezing icy wind blew a hurricane. Who would dare go the rest of the way?

"I will," said Gunner Kasson; "my great dog, Balto, the finest lead dog in Alaska, will not fail to show the way. The rest will follow."

So for the last time the precious antitoxin was lashed to the sleds and off started the dogs, Balto leading. Above the roar of the tempest Balto heard his master's voice, "On, Balto, on! Do not fail us; keep going. The dogs follow you." And Balto did keep going. The snow blinded him, but he kept on. The wind cut like a knife, but he kept on. The cold froze his lungs, he could hardly breathe—but he kept on. And the other dogs followed after, mile after mile over the frozen snow; with feet torn and bleeding, they followed Balto.

So Nome was reached at last. A prayer of thanksgiving went up when Gunner Kasson and his limping, half-frozen dog team, with the ice-torn feet, staggered

into the stricken city. The antitoxin was rushed to the hospital and the people were saved!

* * *

Do you wonder a monument has been built for Balto, the hero dog? And in years to come boys and girls will go to Central Park, New York City, see Balto's monument and hear the story of how he and his brave followers saved the people of Nome.

PRAYER: Oh God, our Father, we thank thee for the brave men and their splendid dog teams, who saved the people of Nome. And may we, every one of us, be filled with this same brave spirit, when duty calls us to serve. Amen.

HYMN: No. 260 (children retire).

SERVICE No. IV

A NEWSBOY WHO BECAME A HERO

(Approach—a current newspaper.)

INTRODUCTION: I hold something you all see every day (shows newspaper). Yes, just a common newspaper. Many of you have seen the city newsboys, who earn money after school hours, delivering and selling papers. My story this morning is a true one about a newsboy who became a hero.

THE STORY: Billy Rough was a crippled newsboy who lived in Gary, Ind. Everybody in Gary knew him

and liked him. For, some way, Billy had a way with him that made friends. Often people would go out of their way just to get a newspaper from Billy and to hear his cheery greeting. So Billy sold his papers and business flourished.

One day he read in the newspapers of a young girl. A motor accident had burned her so terribly that the doctors said there was just one way to save her life: to graft on new skin from the body of a living person.

"I wonder who'll give that skin?" thought Billy. Then quick as a flash something seemed to say, "You can. You are just a cripple anyway and it will save a life." "I'll do it," thought Billy.

It took lots of courage, but the very next day saw Billy at the hospital. "It's fine of you, Billy," the doctors said, "but to make it worth while, we should have to amputate your leg." "Go ahead," said Billy. "It'll save me money—I'll only need to buy one shoe. And it'll help her."

So the doctors did as he said, and the girl's life was saved.

But someway Billy did not get well. The doctors did everything they could. His friends in Gary sent nine hundred dollars for his use. But every day Billy grew weaker. His last words were, "I'm glad I did it, doctor. I feel now just like I did some good in the world after all."

After Billy's death, the mayor of Gary called for subscriptions. He said, "We must have a memorial to Billy's memory." And to-day, if you were to visit Gary, you would find in the hospital where Billy died a free bed in his memory, while in the building where

his newsstand stood, a bronze tablet bears the name of William Rough, Gary's hero newsboy.

* * *

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank thee for Billy Rough and the noble life he lived for others. Please give to us a spirit like his, that shall make our lives count. Amen.

HYMN: No. 213.

CHAPTER II

Second Month. Theme, "Work"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

AIM: To help children see the value of honest work, well done. To help them feel that if a thing is worth having, it is worth working for—and that nothing worth while comes in life except through hard work.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "O Master Workman of the Race," Page 26.

SERVICE NO. I

THE BUILDING OF A GREAT WALL

APPROACH: A carpenter's or builder's tool.

INTRODUCTION: How many of you boys and girls have seen builders at work, perhaps constructing some house or store? How steadily and rapidly the building has gone up. Sometimes one shift of men work by day and another by night, to hasten the completion of the building. Now, suppose, every moment these men worked, all kinds of obstacles were put in their way; stones thrown at them; their supplies and tools stolen; their very lives in danger. How long would they keep on working do you think? My story this morning tells

of the building of a great wall under just such conditions.

THE STORY: Nehemiah lived in a king's palace and held a splendid position, but he had given it all up to come back and help his country. For Judah was in a sad state. Its beautiful city Jerusalem was in great danger, the wall surrounding it was broken in many places, the gates were destroyed; again and again enemies had entered and robbed and ill treated the people.

What could Nehemiah do? He was only one. How could he make his people see that the first thing to do was to rebuild that wall? He thought, "I will call my people together. I will make them see that God is on our side and will help us do this thing."

So he unfolded his plan to them. "We must rebuild this wall," he said. "Otherwise Jerusalem our city will be destroyed, and you will all be in danger of death." But the people shook their heads. "We can never rebuild," they said. "The enemy will see us, and destroy us and our work." Then answered Nehemiah, "God has sent me here to help you. Have faith, we shall succeed if we trust in God, for he is greater than all our enemies. Only rise up and build!"

When the people saw the courage and faith of Nehemiah, they were filled with his spirit and replied with a great shout, "We will rebuild." So the work began.

We may be certain the surrounding enemies did not want any strong and protecting wall built about Jerusalem. Too well they knew, once it was rebuilt, their days of robbery and destruction were done. So they made plans to stop the work and said, "We will ridicule these Jews and make fun of their wall. That will take

away their courage." So they shouted words of mockery and derision. "What are these feeble folk doing anyway? Why, if a fox go up, he shall break down their wall. Do they think they are stronger than we are?" "Pay no heed," cried Nehemiah. "Keep on building. Trust God." So the people worked harder than before.

Then the enemy took counsel together. "We will fight them," they said. "Their work must cease." But Nehemiah saw through their plan. So he armed one-half of his men and placed them beside the builders, and every builder he equipped with a sword. Then he stationed trumpeters at intervals along the wall. "Blow your trumpets, if danger comes," he commanded, "and together we will rout the enemy. Our God will fight for us." And then the people worked with renewed courage.

At last the enemy said, "Our only hope is to destroy Nehemiah. Let us urge him to come down and confer with us for peace." But all their plans failed, Nehemiah refused to leave his people. Finally one day came a great reward. After fifty-two days and nights of ceaseless work, the wall was done. Strong and beautiful it rose, completely surrounding the city. With joy and thanksgiving the people praised their God, safe and happy at last.

PRAYER: We thank Thee, our Father, for this story of Thy people that has come down to us in Thy word, how through their faith and hard work they won a splendid victory. Amen.

HYMN: Page 26.

Service No. II

CALVIN COOLIDGE, JR., THE BOY WHO STUCK TO THE JOB

Approach: Picture of the White House (if one can be procured), or one of President Coolidge.

Introduction (shows picture): I suppose boys and girls think it would be a splendid thing to have their father president of the United States. Then they would have a glorious time. They would live in the White House with no hard work to do, of course. My story this morning tells of a president's son and what he liked best to do, especially during vacation.

The Story: "What do you think happened last night on the Coolidge farm?" said Mr. Day in great excitement. "Vice-president Coolidge was sworn in by his father as president of the United States. He's off for Washington, by now. And that means we'll lose young Cal. He'll never stay on and work in a tobacco field now his father is president of the United States and living in the White House. Little did I think who that boy was, when he rode up on his wheel two days ago and asked for work." Just then Mr. Day looked out of the window. "Well I declare, here he comes on his wheel this minute—I suppose to tell me he'll quit. He'll want to be living in the White House now. No more hard work for him." And he hurried out to be the first to offer congratulations to the president's son.

"Well Calvin," he said in great excitement, "your

The Boston Post

"I like to work; I want to stick to the job."—*Calvin Coolidge, Jr.*

Northampton, Mass.,
August 16, 1923.

Dear Friend,

I thank you very much for your kind letter.

Yes, I remember Paul Reynolds well. Remember ~~him~~ me to him if you will. I believe "Paul" was his name.

I think you are mistaken in calling me the first boy of the land since I have done nothing. It is my father who is President. Rather the first boy of the land would be some boy who had distinguished himself through his own actions.

Wishing you good luck,

I am,
Sincerely yours,
Calvin Coolidge

father is our president I see." "Yes, sir," said Calvin quietly. "I suppose he is." Then he added eagerly, "Which shed do you want me to work in to-day?"

For a real fear had entered young Calvin's heart. Two days before he had given his word to work all through August in Mr. Day's tobacco fields. It was hard work. It meant getting up before daybreak, eating a hasty breakfast, riding eight miles on his wheel, with nine hours hard work in the hot sun. Then the ride back at night and supper after he got home. But Calvin loved to work—he had never broken his word. He wanted to stick to his job. Now his father was president, it might mean a return to Washington for him. So the first chance he got he wrote his mother. This is the letter:

Dear Mother: It's raining and I don't have to work. It's the first chance I've had to write. I have a desirable job picking tobacco at $3.50 a day, and I like to work. I want to stick to the job. Please let me stay." So stay he did, and stuck to his job in the tobacco fields.

Of course, his friends thought of the president's son as enjoying quite a different vacation. They said: "We suppose you've had a wonderful time riding, swimming, and motoring." "Yes," replied young Calvin, "we drove around some up there. But there was a lot to be done, hay to get in, potatoes to hoe, and all that. So we did that mostly. It was great. It's the best kind of a vacation working on a farm. I'd much rather do that than go to camp or the seashore."

One morning, just two years later, the papers told of the sudden illness of young Calvin. For five days

this brave boy fought to live. The nation read of his courage in bearing pain, his struggle to help the doctors win the fight, his efforts to hide his suffering from his parents. At last, like a brave young soldier he died, as he had lived, courageous to the last breath. To-day from a place of high honor, there looks down from the walls of Mercersburg Academy, where he was a student, a picture of this lad, who won for himself the title, "An ideal American boy." A boy who all his short life, made a record for himself in hard study, good work, clean sport, Christian living.

Let us remember his words as long as we live, let us make them our own. "I like to work; I want to stick to the job." (Then the leader may add) It is a joy to know that Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was a member of the church and a faithful attendant of the church school. Let us think of this while we sing (or repeat) these words.

Just as I am thine own to be
Friend of the young, who lovest me
To consecrate myself to thee
Oh, Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come. Amen.
(Marianne Hearn, 1887.)

HYMN, Page 26.

Service No. III

A BOY WHO DISLIKED WORK

Approach: A child's set of garden tools (may be secured at the ten-cent store).

Introduction: "What do these tools remind you of?" How many of you have had real garden tools and worked hard with them?" My story this morning tells of a boy who thought he hated work, then one day something happened and he changed his mind.

The Story: "Please, dad, just this once," said Whitney. "I'll cut the grass to-morrow. All the fellows are going to play ball this morning. I want to go with them." "No, Whitney," said his father firmly. "The grass must be cut this morning, one hour of work will do it. Then you will be free to play ball." Whitney scowled, but he said nothing. "How I hate work," he thought. "Seems like whenever I want to do something I gotta work. Winter it's shoveling paths, fall I gotta rake leaves, spring it's the garden, and then this old grass in summer." Slowly he walked to the back of the house, and to the shed where the lawn-mower was kept. He dragged it out and pushed it slowly along to the front lawn.

"Hello, Whitney," said a boy's voice across the hedge. There stood Clarence Lacy. "Hello," said Whitney briefly. He did not care to talk to "Miss Nancy," as the boys called him. His hands were so small and white. The chauffeur always brought him to school in a big car. "Just as though he hadn't strength

enough to walk," said the boys scornfully. "What you doin'?" continued Clarence. "Going to mow the lawn," said Whitney. "Oh, Whitney, can I come over and see you do it. Would you mind?" said Clarence eagerly. "I haven't one thing to do this morning." "I don't care, you can come if you want to," said Whitney.

Clarence scrambled through the hedge and sat down under the shade of a big tree. "It must be splendid to work like that," he said. "Why don't you do it then?" said Whitney.

"Oh, mother won't let me; she says I'm not strong enough. The gardener always does it, anyway. Would you mind if I tried to push it across just once?" "Sure, you can," said Whitney.

Clarence grasped the handle, but his feeble strength soon gave out. "Say, you are weak," said Whitney. "Look at my muscle." And he proudly displayed his strong young arm. "That's 'cause you do things," said Clarence. "I'd love to work like you do. I often watch you. It must be lots of fun." Here was a new viewpoint. "It is fun," said Whitney. "I'm glad my father lets me do things. It makes me strong as anything too."

Just then a call came from across the hedge. "Clarence, dear, where are you? Mother wants you." "I gotta go riding with mother," said Clarence, and he quickly disappeared.

Whitney returned to his lawn-mowing with a vim. "My, I'm glad I'm not Clarence," he thought. "Riding around in a car, too weak to work!" And then he finished his job in record time.

PRAYER: Our Father we thank Thee for the work we may do every day that helps keep our bodies strong and well. Help us to be glad of work, and always do it cheerfully. Amen.

HYMN: Page 26.

SERVICE No. IV

A NEWSPAPER ROUTE THAT LED TO COLLEGE

(This story is true. The writer has had a personal interview with this young man. But for good reasons, he desires that his name be withheld.]

APPROACH: A daily newspaper.

INTRODUCTION (shows paper): I wonder if you boys and girls have ever thought of the hard work that somebody does so that newspapers can be on so many doorsteps each morning. My story to-day tells about a boy who delivered papers every morning for two hours before he went to school.

THE STORY: "Well, mother, I've done it," said John, as he hurried home from school. "That paper route is mine. I start work to-morrow." "Oh John," said his mother doubtfully, "I hate to think of your working so hard before school, every day. You'll have to get up so early too." "That won't hurt me, mother," said John eagerly. "Think of all the money I'll make. I'll have some to give you every week, besides enough to buy all my clothes." "How'll you ever get awake in time," said his brother. "Five-thirty! Why it's dark

then." "Oh, I'll get awake. You'll see. Never mind any breakfast, mother. I'll eat when I come back."

John didn't sleep much that night. Over and over he kept thinking of his new work. Fifty papers to deliver before school! He had a list of all the places, but suppose he couldn't find them all? He mustn't sleep a wink over 5:30, that was certain.

For the fifth time that night he started up and looked at the clock. Five-thirty at last! My, how dark it was! Just like night! And cold, why the bed had never seemed so warm and comfortable before. "Well, this won't get my fifty papers around," he thought, and jumped from bed and dressed in record time.

Cautiously he crept downstairs, opened the door and started out. The stars were shining. He shivered with cold. Only two milkmen were out on the whole street. It surely was quiet and lonely. Some way he'd never thought it would be like that. "Well, I'd have no time to talk, if the streets were full of people," he thought, "with all those papers to deliver."

Up and down the unfamiliar doorsteps he climbed, sticking papers in doorways, under mats, in letter boxes, any place that looked the best place for a paper to be. And my! how long it took, for some of the streets were unknown to him, and everybody on his list must have his paper. It was three whole hours before he got back home.

"What will they say at school," he thought, as he gulped a glass of milk, and started off again, this time on a run.

How long do you think John kept this work up? One week, one month, six months? Three whole years,

in spite of deep snow, driving rains, and hot sun. During these years his trade grew steadily. People found him friendly, reliable, and honest. At the end of three years he was delivering 200 papers, instead of fifty. But every pay day brought his reward, the day when he gave his mother her share of his earnings.

John was now in high school. His grades were high, his love for study growing. Often he would think, "If only I might go to college." But there was no money for that, so he tried to forget college.

Now comes the very best part of this story. There *was* a way to college for this hard-working boy. One day he was persuaded by his teachers to try the college entrance examinations for newspaper boys. The prize was a scholarship for the first year. Of course you can all guess that John won that scholarship. To-day he is in college working harder than ever to make his life count.

"Am I glad I stuck to that paper route? Yes I am," said John earnestly. "It was hard work, but after all hard work pays."

PRAYER: God, our Father, we pray thy blessing upon every boy and girl in their school-work. Help them the world over to make these days count. Amen.

HYMN: Page 26.

CHAPTER III

Third Month. Theme, "Gratitude"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart."

AIM: To arouse within children a sense of gratitude for individual blessings, and help them in expressing their praise and thanksgiving.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "For Peace and for Plenty," No. 235.

SERVICE No. I

A LEPER WHO REMEMBERED TO SAY "THANK YOU"

APPROACH: A contagious disease sign such as "Measles" or "Scarlet Fever."

INTRODUCTION (Show sign). Can you tell me when this sign is used?

Why do we use such signs? The laws of our land say people must be protected from contagious diseases so we isolate all those having such till they are well. My story this morning tells of one of the most contagious diseases known—leprosy. Long, long ago, when laws about health were almost unknown and little was done for sick people, the law compelled a leper to live apart from every one. He dare not go

back home till the temple priest gave permission. So the life of a leper was one of the most wretched known, with no friends, no food, no home.

THE STORY: The lepers lived alone in the wilderness, for the curse of leprosy was upon them all. Hopeless, they talked idly with one another. Their garments were torn and tattered, their cheeks sunken, their limbs wasted.

"Of what use is life," said one. "Each day I pray for death."

"Gladly would I die," said another. "Could I see my little boy once more, yet I dare not go near him."

"I am so hungry," wailed a third; "for two days I have tasted no food. How scorching is the sun, yet no shelter is near. Yet see, here comes Helon. He looks as though he had news. Perchance some one has given him food. His strength fails fast."

Helon drew near his companions with a show of strength as though the bearer of unusual tidings.

"Courage, friends," said he, "for I hear great news. Jesus, the Master, passes near here to-day. He goes to Jerusalem. Word has gone forth he can heal lepers. Only yesterday did one show himself to the priest, who said this great man had completely healed him."

"Believe it not, Helon," said one, "'tis but idle talk. There is no hope for lepers. We must stay as we are till death."

"Nay," said Helon. "Something tells me there is hope. 'Tis said this great man turns none away. Let us but go to the roadside and he will heal us."

The lepers looked doubtfully at one another. The

way was long, the sun was hot, their strength almost gone. But at last, encouraged by the faith of Helon, and yielding to his pleadings, they decided to go.

The roadside once reached they scanned it eagerly for a glimpse of this great man who could heal them by his word. "He comes," cried Helon joyfully. "See, 'tis the Master himself! Cry aloud for help ere it be too late." Each leper raised his feeble voice—"Jesus, Master, have mercy, oh have mercy," they cried.

"He stops," cried Helon, "He looks our way; he calls us to come." Each leper staggered to his feet. The Master looked at them with great compassion. "Go, show yourselves to the priest," he said, and something in his very words gave them confidence. The lepers turned to go, and even as they turned, they were healed! They looked at their hands, not a trace of leprosy could they see. "We are healed," they cried joyfully. "Let us hasten to the priest. He will tell us we may go home." They hurried away——

All but Helon. He could not go till he had thanked the Master who had done this great thing for him. He turned and timidly drew near. Gratitude surged in his heart and shone in his eyes. He kneeled at Jesus's feet—"Jesus, Master," he murmured.

"Were there not ten healed?" said Jesus. "Where are the nine? Had they no time to show they also were grateful? Yet, go thy way, thy great faith hath saved them all."

And Helon arose with praise on his lips and undying love in his heart for Jesus, his Master and friend.

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank Thee for

Jesus our Master and Friend, who all his life went about doing good. We pray to be like Jesus. Amen.

HYMN: No. 235.

SERVICE NO II

THE STORY OF TWO GREAT GENERALS

APPROACH: An American flag.

INTRODUCTION (Show American flag): If I should ask every one of you to rise who loved America, I know you would be on your feet in an instant. You are all friends of America. Our country has had countless friends who have helped her to become the great nation she is to-day. This morning we will hear about one of these friends, who came from France long ago, and who proved his friendship in a way we can never forget.

THE STORY: It was during the famous Revolutionary days. Long and hard had been the struggle of the colonists to win their freedom from Great Britain. Again and yet again the great British army had been repulsed by General Washington and his brave troops. Months dragged on into years and still the fight kept on. The discouraged troops would not yield, yet how they longed for peace. "If only help would come," they thought.

It was about this time that a young French nobleman, named Lafayette, saw America's great need. His heart was touched by her brave fight for independence. He resolved to aid in the struggle. So he took his

private fortune, equipped ships and men, and made ready to sail for America.

"How foolish you are," said some of his friends, "to spend your money in this mad way. What do these little American colonies amount to? You are throwing your money away. You will live to regret it, be assured of that." "I must go and help them," said the brave Lafayette.

"Well, if you feel you want to help, why not content yourself with sending a few ships; why risk your own life in such a useless struggle?" said his friends. But Lafayette's only answer was, "I must go! I must help America win her freedom." So over the seas he came, bringing his ships and men.

Oh, how greatly his coming cheered our troops, and encouraged the heart of Washington! Side by side, he and Lafayette fought in those last great Revolutionary battles, and his presence helped and cheered us on to freedom. And when at last victory was ours, and our independence assured, none rejoiced more than the dauntless French General, Lafayette.

Many years passed. America, no longer a little group of despised colonies, had become the great United States of America. The World War had come. France, now a ravaged country, was in the throes of the mighty struggle. It was our turn to help.

Soon after the United States entered the war, Gen. Pershing led the American troops to France. And what do you suppose was his first act on landing? Straight to the tomb of Lafayette he marched. And there in the presence of a vast number of people, with the soldiers all attention, he placed a wreath on the

tomb of the great French General, with the simple words, "Lafayette, we are here."

That was all, but the whole world knew that America had never forgotten the noble Lafayette and his great country, and in the time of need had come to pay her debt.

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank thee for our country—for America. We thank Thee for great people like General Lafayette who have helped us build our nation. Keep us true friends of our country every day we live. Amen.

HYMN: No. 235.

SERVICE NO. III

HOW SITA SHOWED HER GRATITUDE

APPROACH: Picture depicting life of people of India (can be secured from Denominational Mission Boards or the Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Ave., N. Y., or other sources.)

INTRODUCTION: After remarks appropriate to picture have been made, or location of country given, leader continues, "My story this morning is a true one about a poor woman of India and how she showed her gratitude for help that was given her."

THE STORY: Sita was very tired. All day she had worked in the peanut fields, bending over the low vines. Her back ached, but she must hurry. Soon the children would be back from their work. How glad they would be to find the hot rice meal ready for them!

Even now she could hear them at the door. She lifted the steaming kettle, and in so doing, some way lost her hold. Down crashed the heavy kettle on her foot, breaking the bone and scalding her ankle. Oh, the pain was terrible. She cried out for help, and the kindly next-door neighbor ran quickly to her. She tore a hasty bandage from her one garment and tenderly bound the injured foot. But alas, she knew so little to do. There were no doctors to help. All night, and for many days and nights, poor Sita suffered.

One day the kind neighbor came running in, in great excitement. "Oh, Sita," she cried, "Rama has come home from the mission house. He is well. He can walk once more. Oh, Sita, could you but go there, they would make you well too."

"Alas, no," said Sita. "My foot gets worse each day. I can not walk one step. How should I go twenty miles?"

"Rama will take you in the bullock cart, please, mother, go," said little daughter. "The gods will be merciful; you will get well."

"I have prayed every day to the gods," said Sita, "they do not help."

"But to please me, mother," said little daughter, "you will go?"

She looked so loving and so anxious, Sita yielded. "I will go," she said.

And then came wonderful days at the mission house. The good food, always enough, the peaceful days, lying on the wide veranda, always shielded from the hot sun, the quiet sweet nurses and their tender care, and the good kind doctor. Oh, it was all so wonderful to Sita.

But the most wonderful thing of all was the morning hour when they all gathered and talked to the new God, the Jesus Swami. This Jesus Swami was so different from the old gods. He cared when people were sick; He wanted them to get well. Every day Sita heard them asking Him to make her well. It was all so wonderful, so different from her old life. If only she could do something to show how grateful she was!

Every day she got better, and at last she was well—she could walk. She could go back home and work. She stood dumb before her kind friends. She had nothing to give—nothing. But she would never forget, never. Some day she would come back and bring them a gift.

Three years came and went. And every season Sita toiled in the peanut fields, and every day she thought of her mission friends. Every day she prayed to the Jesus Swami that she might see them and take them something to show her gratitude, because of her foot, so well and strong.

"Here is a woman to see you, Missy Amma," said the Indian woman bowing low before the nurse! "She says she must see you." "I will see her," said the nurse.

There stood Sita! She salaamed low to the very ground.

"Why it is Sita," said the nurse. "You did not forget us, and you have walked all these miles to see us?"

"I never forget you, Missy Amma," said Sita. "See, I have brought you a little present, to show I love you." She held out a basket of peanuts, her whole day's wage.

"Many, many times have I wanted to come, but I had no present I could bring. But my children helped; we have saved together, so I could bring you a gift. You will take it, Missy Amma?" She salaamed once more, then turned and before the nurse could detain her she was speeding back home.

But Sita was happy. Now they would know she was grateful. Now they would know she loved them. She was content.

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank Thee for the loving care that surrounds us every day. For our fathers and mothers and all dear to us. Help our lives to show we are thankful. Amen.

HYMN: No. 235.

SERVICE NO. IV

THE HIGHWAY THAT STRETCHED THROUGH THE JUNGLE

APPROACH: One of Robert Louis Stevenson's books well known to children, as *"A Child's Garden of Verse"* or *"Treasure Island."*

INTRODUCTION: I hold in my hand a book written by Robert L. Stevenson. He was a great friend of boys and girls, and if you have not read this book, you will surely want to some day. All his life Mr. Stevenson made friends, for he was always doing people a kindness wherever he lived. Our story this morning tells what some friends did to show their love for him during his last years.

THE STORY: Far away on an island in the Pacific Ocean there is laid a wonderful roadway. White and smooth and shining, it stretches through the very heart of a great jungle. How came it there, and why was it laid through a jungle?

Many years ago, the great Robert Louis Stevenson was stricken with a fatal illness. Seeking quiet and rest and a favorable climate, he chose a far away island in the Pacific Ocean. There he bought him an estate, and settled down for the rest of his days.

But Stevenson soon found conditions far from ideal here. The native chiefs were constantly at war with one another. Quarrels and disputes kept continually breaking out among the natives. Conditions were far from happy.

Little by little Stevenson sought to remedy this evil. By every kind act in his power he won their friendship. He counseled them regarding their wars, showed them how to settle their disputes, and taught them how to be happy and at peace. He even entered the prisons, cheered the men, and secured their release.

These people had never had such a friend before. He became their hero. They longed to show their gratitude by doing him honor. They finally decided to make him as one of their own people and give him one of their names—Tusitalo—the highest honor they could bestow.

Yet still the people were not satisfied. "He has been such a friend to us," they said. "If only we could give him a beautiful gift. But what could we give? We have no money to buy gifts."

Then spoke one of the natives. Said he, "We can

make him a great roadway, straight through the heart of the jungle, that shall lead to his land, for long has he wanted such a highway."

"We will do it," said the natives. "We will start to-day!"

So the great work began. Days passed. The sun grew scorching hot in the jungle, but they did not stop for the heat; the rains beat upon them, but they did not stop for rain; poisonous insects stung their faces and arms as they worked, but they kept on; great serpents crossed their paths and hung from the trees, but they never faltered once in their great labor of love for their friend. And at last, the mighty task was finished. White and smooth and shining stretched the great highway through the very heart of the jungle. The like had never been seen before.

Stevenson lived some years after this great gift, and every day of every year he appreciated more and more the gift of his island friends. And to-day, should you go there you would find this inscription at the entrance of the highway:

"The Road of the Loving Heart
Remembering the great love of his highness Tusitalo, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present, this road which we have dug forever."

Prayer: God, our Father, keep us thankful and loving all our lives, especially towards those who give us daily love and care, and may we be quick to serve them, when we can. Amen.

Hymn: No. 235.

CHAPTER IV

Fourth Month. Theme, "Peace and Good-Will"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: And on earth peace, good-will toward men.

AIM: To help children feel what peace and good-will can do to make their world, and so the whole world, a better and happier place to live in; to inspire them to be true heroes of peace with Christmas peace and good-will working out in their lives every day.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "There's a Song in the Air," No. 81.

SERVICE No. I

THE CONQUEROR OF THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

APPROACH: A sheet of Red Cross Christmas seals.

INTRODUCTION (Leader shows Red Cross seals): How many of you are selling Red Cross Christmas seals? I am glad to see your hands. Who can tell what is done with the money these seals bring in? (To help stamp out tuberculosis.) So terrible is this disease that it is known as the great white plague. Many battles have been fought and many are the heroes of war. The hardest fights, however, have not been won with powder and shell. Some of the greatest heroes are

not the heroes of war. The battle that is being fought to-day against the great white plague is one of the hardest ever waged and the hero who first showed us how to win this fight will never be forgotten. This is his story.

THE STORY: He was a young man with life before him. His name was Edward Livingston Trudeau. To himself he said: "My life shall be given to help others. I will become a great doctor, one of the very best." And then suddenly the blow fell. He was not feeling well. He went to see a doctor. The doctor said, "You have consumption." In those days there was no hope for such. He could never be a great doctor now for he had only a short while to live. What should he do with the little of life that was left?

Always he had been passionately fond of the great outdoors. Hunting and fishing in the Adirondack wilds had been his delight. So he thought "My last days shall be spent in the open. I will go to my loved Adirondack camp. The change may help me." "How rash and foolish you are," said his friends. "Cold air is sure death for consumptives." For so every one thought in those days. But Dr. Trudeau would not listen. "I shall go," he said. "I can but die there instead of here." So he started off. It was a long, long journey, but the camp was reached at last. And here kind friends carried the exhausted young doctor inside and put him to bed. "He will not live long," they said. "We will do all we can to make his last days happy."

To the great astonishment of all Dr. Trudeau did not die. His great courage helped him. Slowly but

surely he began to get better. Every day he spent out of doors, breathing in the clear, cold air. A year passed and then another. Dr. Trudeau felt himself stronger every day. The disease was checked, perhaps he was even cured. It became evident that this was the treatment for consumptives. People far away began to hear of this wonderful thing. How a young doctor with tuberculosis had cured himself by living outdoors where the snow was five feet deep; where often the mercury registered way below zero. It was a miracle! Consumptives began to hope. Perhaps they too could get well.

While it became evident Dr. Trudeau could never be entirely well, he knew he could cure others, by beginning the treatment in time. He resolved to devote his entire strength and all his time to this great task. With no adequate equipment or money, often exhausted with disease himself, this great man struggled on in his fight for others. He experimented with tuberculosis germs. He found a way to kill them. Far and wide he sent the great news. "Breathe fresh, pure air, day and night, live out of doors and your lungs will heal." At first many laughed, many thought him mad. "What, sleep with our windows open in winter, when we have a cold?" they said. But when they visited this strange doctor, saw his patients sleeping in the open air and getting well, they went away convinced it was indeed true. Tuberculosis could be cured. And since that day thousands of people the world over have been made well by following the words of the great Dr. Trudeau.

Every time you boys and girls sell a Red Cross

Christmas seal you are helping on the work this great man began; you are following in the footsteps of a true hero of peace, the conqueror of the great white plague, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

PRAYER: God our Father, we thank Thee for Dr. Trudeau and his great fight for others. We are glad that every Christmas time boys and girls may have a part in his work by earning money to help conquer the great white plague. Amen.

HYMN: No. 81.

SERVICE NO. II

HOW TWO NATIONS LEARNED TO SETTLE A QUARREL WITHOUT WAR

PICTURES: For introduction, one of General Pershing or other well-known general. For conclusion, "Christ of the Andes" (may be obtained from Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, price 25c).

INTRODUCTION (Show picture of general): You all know whose picture this is. What great service did he render the world at the time of the great war? As yet nations have never learned to settle disputes in any other way than through war. Many years ago, however, two nations resolved to try a different way. It worked so well that from that time on there has never been a war between these two countries. This is the story.

THE STORY: Many years ago a dispute over boundary lines arose between Chile and the Argentine Re-

public. Finally the dispute came to a head and war seemed certain. Warships and armaments were prepared. The people said, "We must prepare for the worst. We shall have war."

And then one man changed everything. It was Easter week. An Argentine bishop, Monsignor Benavente, made ready to preach his Easter sermon. His heart was wrung over the war preparations, for too well he knew what war meant. So when Easter day came, he preached no ordinary sermon. It was a great and passionate appeal for peace. And the hearts of the people were stirred as never before. Far and wide the message went. "We must have peace." Across the Andes a Chilean bishop heard the message. He said, "I will travel the length and breadth of Chile, preaching peace to all the people." So everywhere the two great bishops went, the one in Argentine and the other in Chile, preaching always peace and reconciliation. And everywhere the crowds followed them, taking up the cry "We must have peace." At last the two countries awoke. The citizens besieged their two governments. Petition after petition was sent. The cry was "Let us arbitrate; we can not go to war." Finally the two governments were obliged to yield; the people had their way; the question under dispute was referred to a board of arbitration; and peace was assured.

It had always been the hope of the great Bishop Benavente that a colossal figure of Christ might be erected on the boundary line between the two reconciled countries. This hope was at last realized. The people took their cannon and guns and melted them in the arsenal of Buenos Aires; from the metal was made a

great bronze figure of Christ. The government said, "We will undertake to have it carried the 13,000 feet to the mountain top." So the statue was carried by train as far as the railroad went. Then it was placed on gun carriages and hauled by mules. When this means failed, soldiers and sailors dragged it with ropes to the very top of the mountain.

And then there came a wonderful day in the history of these two countries. On March 13, 1904, this colossal statue of Christ was dedicated to world peace. Vast numbers of people with Argentine soldiers encamped on the Chilean side and Chilean soldiers on the Argentine side, listened to the blast of guns and martial music that ushered in the reign of peace. Then came profound silence and the "Christ of the Andes" was unveiled. The people fell on their knees in prayer, and pledged themselves to everlasting peace, with the words engraved at the base of the statue:

Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentine and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer.

(Then may be shown the picture "Christ of the Andes."

PRAYER: God our Father, help us every day we live to be at peace, one with another. So shall we do our part to help on that great day when wars shall be no more. Amen.

HYMN: No. 81.

Service No. III

(For Christmas Sunday)

THE SHEPHERD WHO FORGAVE ALL

Picture (at the conclusion of the story): Lerolle's "Arrival of the Shepherds," Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass. Size 22 x 28 in., including margin, $1.25—very beautiful.

Hymn: No. 81.

Introduction: If I were to ask you to name some good king beloved by his subjects, who would it be? (King George of England or King Albert of Belgium may be given.) It is true some kings have been and are to-day beloved by their subjects. But the world's history does not always show this to be true. My story this morning tells something of the bitterness felt by the Jews when under the power of Rome.

The Story: It was a calm winter night. All peaceful lay the hillside pastures of Bethlehem. The stars like friendly golden eyes watched high above from out the dark sky, while the moon, serene and calm, touched the quiet hillsides with a silver radiance. The trees bent low their branches, deepening the purple shadows where the drowsy sheep were at rest. The shepherds, tired with their day's work, lay quietly talking with one another.

"Didst hear the news that Gabriel brought us to-day?" said one. "A Jewish maid hath been visited by an angel, who told her she should have a baby boy.

This babe would grow to be our king, our king for whom we have long waited."

"'Tis said his reign shall be a reign of peace," said another. "He will become the friend of his people."

"Our friend?" said Julius; "Can a king be a friend? Believe it not. 'Tis but an idle tale. Kings do not love their people. They live but for themselves."

"Yet hath Herod done some great things for us, Julius," said Marcus. "But think of the great temple he hath built for us." "Temple," said Julius scornfully. "As for me I have no time to visit temples. I seek justice for my people. 'Tis said our taxes will be greater this year than ever before. Peace seek I not. I follow a king of war. War that shall win for us freedom from Rome."

Thus spake Julius. Then all was still as before.

Suddenly a golden, dazzling light lit up the heavens. The startled shepherds fell on their knees in terror, and gazed upward with frightened eyes. And as they gazed, an angel stood by them. "Fear not, oh Shepherds," said the angel. "Behold I bring you and all mankind tidings of great joy. Christ the king of peace hath come. He is born a babe in Bethlehem. There you will find him in a stable, asleep in a manger." And then the heavens opened. The angels of God were singing together. And their song was of peace, peace on earth to men of good-will everywhere, and glory to God in the heights of heaven.

Slowly the light faded. The angels ceased their singing, and went back into heaven. The sky grew dark as before. The shepherds rose from their knees with shining faces. "The King of peace hath come,"

they cried joyfully. "Let us hasten to Bethlehem to worship him." They turned to go. All but Julius. He could not welcome a king of peace. Bitter had been his words that night. His heart had been stirred with anger as he remembered his people's wrongs. Could he welcome peace with the hated Roman?

He watched his brother shepherds, as they hurried down the road. There was yet time. He too might seek the King of peace. If only he could forget the angels' song. But he could not, "Peace and good-will." This had been their song. Over and over their words rang in his ears. He could not resist them. "I will forgive all," he said. "I too will seek the King of peace and worship at his feet." And he turned and hastened down the starlit road with the others, to find the babe of Bethlehem.

Show picture "Arrival of Shepherds" (a few quiet comments may be made, pointing out the beauties of the picture).

PRAYER: God our Father, help us this day to hear the angels' song of peace and good-will, and like the shepherds worship the Babe of Bethlehem. Amen.

HYMN: No. 81.

SERVICE No. IV

HOW A WHITE MAN TRUSTED SOME INDIANS

APPROACH: Picture of an Indian chief (colored if possible).

INTRODUCTION (Show picture of Indian chief): You all know to what nation this man belongs. Many

are the stories of cruel warfare between the Indian and the white man. My story this morning, however, tells how one white man proved his faith in the Indian, and because of this, how he and his family were saved from a cruel death.

THE STORY: It was many years ago. The city of Cincinnati was just a small frontier town. Word came to the settlers, "The Indians are on the warpath. They will destroy you. Flee for your lives." So many of the people fled to a near-by fort for safety, while others protected themselves with guns and barricaded their doors for safety. "If Indians come," they said, "we will shoot to kill."

But one man in that community was a Quaker. With all his heart he believed in the power of peace and good-will. He said, "If we are friends with the Indians, and show we are friends, they will not harm us."

So every night on going to bed he left the door of his house unlatched, so the Indians could see he did not fear them and that they might enter in peace. And every night he and his family gave themselves into God's keeping, nor did they forget to pray for their friends, the Indians.

One night they were all peacefully asleep when they were awakened by the wild war whoops and savage cries of a hostile Indian tribe. The family crept to the one tiny window and watched to see what might happen. The Indians approached the door. They saw it was unfastened, for the latch string was out. That meant in those days, "Welcome, we are your friends." And they had meant to kill all in the house that night.

Slowly they withdrew. At the edge of the forest they sat down. Watching from their window the Quaker and his family wondered what would happen next. They could see the Indians taking council together. Would they decide to kill them or perhaps take them prisoners, or would they be their friends? Anxiously they watched with beating hearts to know their fate. "God make them our friends," they prayed.

At last one great Indian chief, bright with war paint, left the group and came slowly back. In his hand he carried a long white feather. Reaching the cabin of his friends, he fastened the feather above the door. Then he went back and all the Indians withdrew. And there the white feather remained. No one took it down. Long afterward the Quaker learned its meaning. The white feather gave forth this message in Indian language. It said: "This is the home of a man of peace; do not harm it." The Indians trusted their white brother; they would not harm their friend.

And to-day it is as true as it was then. If we trust others and show ourselves to be friends, they also will prove true to us.

PRAYER: God our Father, we ask for the spirit of peace and good-will that shall show to all we are their friends. Amen.

HYMN: No. 81.

CHAPTER V

Fifth Month. Theme, "Giving"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son."

AIM: To help children sense the joy of giving. To help them feel that it is the spirit back of even our smallest gifts that make them worth our giving. To carry the Christmas giving spirit into the New Year.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: Selected.

SERVICE NO. I

"THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF THREE MIGHTY KINGS"

INTRODUCTION: One of the most beautiful legends connected with the Christmas season concerns the three Magi or Wise Men, mighty kings who came each from his own country, bringing gifts to the new-born King. Our story this Sunday will tell of the visit of these three Kings.

THE STORY: 'Twas Christmas time, long, long ago. A king was seen approaching the city of Jerusalem. Just outside the walls he paused.

"See," he said, lifting his eager eyes above, "the star still shines. It has led us to this mighty city. Here

shall I surely find the infant Prince, the new-born King. But who comes here?" For approaching from another direction there was seen a second King—riding forward in great magnificence.

At such an unexpected meeting, the two Kings gazed at each other in great amazement. "Whither goest thou, Oh King," asked King Caspar, "and what brings thee here this night?"

"I am come from the South, the land of Arabia, I am King Melchior, known throughout the East as one of the Magi, learned in the science of the heavenly bodies. I search for a new-born King. Behold his star shines in the heavens, and I have followed it here. Frankincense I bring, to lay as my choicest gift, at his feet.

"Strange, strange, oh King of the South," said King Caspar. "I too have traveled from afar. I am Caspar, King of Tarsus. I too belong to the Magi. I too am learned in all the movements of the heavenly bodies, and like thyself, I have seen the star of this new-born King. Behold, I bring precious gold and would lay my gift at his feet. Let us then travel on together. The star leads ever on."

"But stay, who cometh here," said King Melchior. "Behold a third king draws near." And in truth, from yet another direction, rode forward another king.

"What is thy name," they said, "and whither goest thou?"

This last king was a youth of great power and purpose. Eagerly he scanned the faces of the two before him. Then dismounting he bowed low. "Know then," he said, "I am Balthazar, King of Saba. I belong to

the order of the Magi, I have seen shining bright and clear in the East, a wonderful new star. It heralds the birth of a new-born King. I have traveled day and night that I might worship him. I bring him, precious myrrh, from my country, and would lay my gifts at his feet. Cans't help me find him?"

Then said King Caspar, "Come thou with us, for we too seek this new-born King."

So together, they rode into Jerusalem. But no new-born King could they find, nor had any in all that great city ever heard his name.

"Have we traveled so far for naught," said Caspar, sadly. "Must we return to our country, taking our treasures back with us?"

"Nay not so, not so," said Balthazar. "The star, see the star leads us forward still. We must follow."

And behold, the star, clear and luminous, shone high above, leading the three kings on, till lo, its beams shone upon the little town of Bethlehem and there it rested.

And the three kings rode on, in all their grandeur, till they came to a tiny house in Bethlehem, whose walls seemed flooded with a strange, luminous light.

The Kings gazed at one another in awe and amazement. "Can our King be here," they said. Slowly they dismounted. In silence they entered the little humble home. And the strange and holy light seemed to bring out in startling clearness a sight never more to fade, never more to be forgotten, for the light rested on a tiny babe in his young mother's arms, a babe sleeping in holy calm. The magi gazed at the wondrous sight. "Our King," they whispered low.

Then falling on their knees they opened their treasures, and gave their gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Their quest was over, for they had found their King; The Babe of Bethlehem.

PRAYER: God, our Father, that didst so love the world as to give thine only begotten son to be our Saviour and King, and with the three wise men of old we would worship the Babe of Bethlehem. Amen.

HYMN: No. 90. "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

SERVICE NO. II

GOPAL BRINGS HIS GIFT

APPROACH: A Jewsharp, or some inexpensive musical instrument.

INTRODUCTION: How many of you can play this? How many would like to?"

Our story this morning is about a little boy who lived in India. His name was Gopal. His brother Roma gave him a small fiddle, because Gopal begged for it. The story tells us what Gopal did with it, and why he wanted it so much.

THE STORY: The lady with the loving blue eyes smiled at little Gopal as he sat on the floor in the very first row of the mission school. It was little Gopal's first visit there. Big brother had left him there that morning. It was all very strange. Gopal felt a bit frightened. Who was Jesus they sang to? Was he a new god? And who was the lady with the blue eyes?

Listen, she was speaking now. "You know when we love anyone we want to give something to show our love, don't we?" "Yes," thought little Gopal. "That's true." Only this morning he had picked a scarlet flower and tucked it into his mother's black hair and she had turned quickly with, "Thank you, wee Prince of my heart."

"And so," said the Lady with the Loving Eyes, "we want to give something to Jesus, to show our love. Think of all He has given us; think how much He loves every one of us. Sunday is His birthday, Christmas, we call it. Now the only way we can give anything to Him to show our love, is to bring something we can sell, and use the money to help the poor. Every one who loves Jesus, and wants to show his love may bring something to sell next Sunday."

Soon after big brother Roma came to take him home. As Gopal's little brown bare feet traveled over the hot dusty road, he thought, "What can I bring for the Jesus-God's birthday?" But he did not ask big brother. He might laugh. He would wait, and ask mother.

After they had eaten, Mother saw Gopal's little wistful face uplifted to hers. "Mother, can you let me have one penny all for myself?" Mother shook her head. "Why ask, foolish little son? You know that since your father died Roma and I must work all day to get enough food to live."

"Then could I have a handful of rice?"

"See," she tipped the pot so he could look in. "Not a grain wasted and we are still hungry. "Why do you want it, son of my heart?"

"I want it for the new God Jesus. He loves me and I wanted to give Him something."

But his mother only frowned and shook her head, so little Gopal crept away and went to sleep on his little mat, in a corner of the dark, one-room hut.

But next morning he began wondering again what he could give. There was nothing in the hut but the 3 pots, and the little mats they used for beds. He had nothing for his own but his little cap, and ragged little coat. *What* could he give?

That noon he went out with Roma to watch the goats and the little kids. Suddenly Roma took something from beneath his coat. It was a cocoanut shell, which he had scraped out and over which he had fastened tightly some threads of skin, so when he scraped on them with a piece of wood, they made a little tune.

"Oh, Roma," cried Gopal, "How very fine that is? You could make another. Would you give it to me?"

"Why should I?" asked Roma lazily.

"I—I—" Gopal swallowed hard. He did hope that Roma wouldn't laugh. "I want to give it to the Jesus-God," he faltered.

"Silly one, He cares not for you," laughed Roma.

"Oh, but He does," pleaded Gopal, "He loves everybody, mother and you and me. All of us. Please, Roma."

Roma had a sudden thought. It might work.

"Listen, will you take the goats home alone, and let me go swimming?"

"Oh, but Roma" (the little boy shivered). "It will be dark and I shall have to go past that Margossa Tree, where the priest says a devil lives."

"Why should you fear?" said Roma, scornfully. "If you give the fiddle to your Jesus-God, will he not protect you?"

Gopal hesitated, then held out his hand resolutely for the cocoanut shell. It was quite true. Jesus would take care of him.

And so it was, that the next Sunday, amid the pile of gifts, of fruit, or rice and money for the Jesus-God, there lay a hollow cocoanut shell, with some strings tied to it. How could they know all the terror of that long dark walk that the little boy had gone through alone to win the shell?

Yet the Lady of the Loving Eyes understood, as she held up the shell for all to see. "Children," she said, "I think Jesus will love this gift best of all."

(This story is adapted for use from the leaflet, "The Brown Lamb's Gift," by Ruth L. Scudder. Used with permission of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, of the Reformed Church in America.)

PRAYER: Our Father, we pray that as we bring our gifts from time to time, throughout this New Year, we may bring them in the same spirit as did little Gopal of India. Amen.

HYMN: Selected.

Service No. III

SIR LAUNFAL FINDS THE HOLY GRAIL

(Taken from the poem "The Vision of Sir Launfal" by Lowell)

Approach: A silver Communion Cup. (If one is available.)

Introduction: The holy Communion service is familiar to you all. This service was instituted by Jesus Himself, in His last supper with His disciples. The cup from which He drank that night, was called in the olden days of the Church, "The Holy Grail." Many and various are the tales of the brave knights who sought to rescue this cup from the hands of the unbelievers everywhere. Our story this morning tells about one of these knights.

The Story: Known far and wide, feared by young and old alike, lived the great Knight, Sir Launfal. For many years there had dwelt in the heart of this knight one supreme desire, that he might search for and find the Holy Grail. Full well he knew the dangers that would beset such a quest, but for that he cared little. He longed to be known the world over as the dauntless Sir Launfal, the great knight of courage and renown, who should rescue and restore this holy cup from the enemy's keeping. And so at last came a day, when Sir Launfal said to himself—"I must not delay another hour. I shall start to-day." Then to his servants he called, "Bring hither my shining coat of mail, my golden spurs, and my helmet of

steel. Make ready my gallant steed. To-day I leave for parts unknown, and the time of my return I know not."

A few moments later the drawbridge dropped with a mighty crash and seated on his prancing steed rode the proud knight, Sir Launfal, with haughty mien and flashing eye.

Now it chanced that day that a poor and helpless leper crouched low at the castle gate, loathsome in his last illness. He held out his trembling hand, and raised beseeching eyes to the haughty knight. What sight was this for such a glorious day! Sir Launfal shuddered in all his youthful strength, then contemptuously tossing a coin in the beggar's direction, he continued his onward way, without one single glance of pity or sympathizing word. For what cared he that beggars should die. Was not he Sir Launfal, in quest of the Holy Grail?

Many years have come and gone since that golden morning, and now it is nighttime, cold and dark. And once again we see Sir Launfal. No longer young, no longer riding a prancing steed. We see now an old man bent with the toil of years, forsaken and alone. Far and wide has he traveled, searching, ever searching for the Holy Grail, till the days of his strong manhood are gone forever. He raised his eyes to the castle gate. Another reigned in his stead, he himself had long since been forgotten.

"Perchance even yet there may be a welcome for me," he thought. "I am so cold, so hungry." But as he turned he beheld, more wretched than even himself, a poor outcast leper, left alone to die by the roadside.

"Alas, poor fellow," said Sir Launfal. "Thy need is sore. Would God I might give thee aid."

Then as the leper's soul looked out from his eyes, as in a flash Sir Launfal remembered that morning, so many years ago, when he had turned with scorn and loathing from the leper's cry for help.

Eagerly he felt through all his ragged pockets. Yes, he still had one small dry crust of bread. He would'st fill a cup with water, and share with his sick brother. But as he stooped in lowly pity, he saw not the leper, but in glorified form, his master, the Christ. "Be not afraid," said the vision. "Full well I know thou would have wrested the Holy Grail from the enemy's hands, but to share with thy fellow brother, to give thy life in service in My name, thus shalt thou keep pure and radiant, the Holy Grail forever."

The vision faded. Sir Launfal awoke with a great start. He gazed around in sore bewilderment. "Where have I been?" he cried. "Where am I now?" Long he gazed upon his castle walls. At last he sank back at rest. "A vision hath been given me," he said. "The Holy Grail abides with me within these castle walls, do I but share all I have with my brother in his need."

Then called Sir Launfal his servants to him. "Take from me mine armor. I shall need it nevermore. My quest is ended, for the Holy Grail is found. Then fling open wide my castle gates. Bid all in need enter. In me they shall find a brother and a friend. From this day on I live and give in the name of my master, the Christ."

PRAYER: Our Father, teach us how we may give

ourselves with our gifts, that those to whom we give, may know we love them. Amen.

HYMN: Selected.

SERVICE No. IV

THE BEST GIFT THAT DAY

APPROACH: A quarter—a dime—two pennies.

INTRODUCTION: I want to ask you some questions this morning. Here is a boy whose mother gives him a quarter every Sunday to put in the offering. (Shows quarter.) Is God pleased with this gift? (Yes.)

And here is a girl who has twenty-five cents of her own to spend every week. She gave ten cents of it for her offering on Sunday. (Shows dime.) Is God pleased with this gift? (Yes.)

And here is a boy who had two cents given him to do with just as he liked. (Shows two pennies.) He was a poor boy, and he had very little money at any time. He gave it all for his offering on Sunday. Is God pleased with this gift? (Yes.)

Which gift was the largest of them all, the quarter, the ten cents or the two cents? Why? Listen now to this story.

THE STORY: It was late in the afternoon. Jesus and His Disciples mingled with the crowds of people going up to the temple. Once inside, Jesus seated Himself near one of the great offering chests, at the entrance to the temple. As He sat there he could not help but see the people who had brought their gifts

of money. How little they knew Jesus was near them that day, as they placed their gifts in the offering chest.

A very rich man walked proudly by. His apparel was costly and gorgeous. In his hand he held a large sum of money, many gold pieces. He waited a moment that all might see him. Then he dropped the gold into the offering chest. The gold pieces jingled together and many heard the sound. The rich man felt well pleased with himself. He thought, "I hope many saw me give such a large sum of money." The man that was following him into the temple said to himself, "I have no gold to give to-day like this rich man, I will give nothing." So he put his gift back in his pocket. And Jesus sitting there saw them both.

And then came a little girl who was with her mother. Her mother had given her a silver piece to put in and as she passed the offering chest she held the silver piece high, that all near her might see. Then she dropped it proudly into the chest. And Jesus looked after her sadly as she passed on into the temple.

And still the people kept coming with their offerings, rich and poor alike. Jesus smiled as he saw boys and girls and even little children, reach up and drop their gifts into the chest. They were glad to give, and Jesus knew it.

And at last there came a very poor woman, who was a widow. Her clothes were worn and thin. For a long time she had waited with her offering. As she saw the many rich people bring their gifts, she sighed. "If only I had more to give," she thought. "My offering is so small, yet it is all I have. It may help

a little." So she dropped her two tiny coins in the chest. It was less than the value of a penny.

As she turned to go she saw Jesus looking at her. And then He smiled upon her. The poor woman did not know it was Jesus, but His smile was such a happy one it made her feel glad through and through. She forgot how small her gift was. She felt only joy that she had come to the temple that day.

Then Jesus called his disciples to him. He said, "Do you see that poor woman just leaving the temple? She gave more than any one else here to-day. The rich gave from their abundance, but this poor widow gave all that she had."

PRAYER: Our Father, help us always remember that thou dost delight to have us bring even our smallest gifts, do we but offer them, like this poor widow, with love in our hearts. Amen.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN: (Reminding us of God's greatest gift to the world).

CHAPTER VI

Sixth Month. Theme, "Lovers of Country"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: Blessed is the nation whose God is Jehovah.

AIM: To inspire the children to be true lovers of their country and help them realize that love for country means service and sacrifice.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "God of our Fathers," No. 245.

SERVICE No. I

A GIRL QUEEN WHO FACED DEATH TO SAVE HER PEOPLE

APPROACH AND INTRODUCTION: A map of Palestine or picture of Jerusalem may be shown, with reference to the famous taking of the city by Gen. Allenby.

Centuries before this happened there lived a beautiful Jewish queen, who was willing to face death that her people might be saved. This is the story.

THE STORY: Great and terrible tidings had come to the house of Mordecai. He and all his people must die. The king's edict had gone forth throughout the land. Too well Mordecai knew whose work this was. 'Twas Haman, his cruel and crafty enemy. For Mordecai knowing him well had refused to bow at the

king's command and do Haman reverence. And because of this Haman had successfully plotted his ruin.

Mordecai rent his clothes and putting on a mourning garment went forth into the streets of the city. Bowed down with grief for himself and his people, he dragged himself to the palace gates. And there he lay weeping bitterly.

Torn with grief he became conscious of some one bending over him; he raised himself. There stood Hathach, one of the king's chamberlains.

"Courage, Mordecai," said Hathach. "Queen Esther hath sent me. She hath heard of thy grief. She begs to know all."

"Queen Esther," thought Mordecai, his beautiful girl cousin, so lately chosen by the king to be his bride. Why had he not thought of her before? Esther loved her people. She would not fail them. Eagerly he poured into the ears of Hathach the tale of Haman's treachery. "Go," he shouted, pointing his shaking finger at Hathach, "go tell Queen Esther all; show her the king's decree. Tell her she herself must go to the king. She must save her people."

Now when Queen Esther received this message her heart failed her. True she loved her people—but could she die for them? The king knew not that she was a Jewess. Would his love turn to hatred when he learned the truth?

"Go tell Mordecai," she said, "that to enter the king's presence unbidden may mean death. So reads the law."

But Mordecai sent back word, "Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such

a time as this? For what availeth thy life if thy people perish?"

Then Queen Esther returned this brave answer. "Go gather all the Jews in Jerusalem, and pray ye for me three days and nights. I and my maids will do likewise. And so will I go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish."

After three days Queen Esther's maids arrayed her in her royal robes, and made ready to attend her as she went before the king.

Trembling in every limb, yet brave in spirit, Queen Esther stood before him. There he sat, all powerful on his golden throne. "Will he save me or must I perish," thought the queen. She could bear it no longer. Timidly she raised her eyes and there she beheld the golden scepter, in the king's hand, held out in welcome for her.

Then the king said, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to the half of the kingdom." "He will hear me, he will save my people," thought the queen. Her heart sang for joy. And so it came to pass. Soon after, in great haste, messages signed by the king were sent throughout the land. The message read, "Save the Jewish people; destroy them not." Then was there great rejoicing. Queen Esther had saved her people.

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank thee for the story of brave Queen Esther. Help us to be brave like her, every day we live. Amen.

HYMN: 245.

Service No. II.

A BRAVE SERGEANT WHO LOVED HIS COUNTRY

Approach: The American Flag.

Introduction (Some boy may hold the flag before the children): Leader: I am going to ask all you boys and girls who love the flag of your country to stand. Let us repeat together the salute to our flag. (Salute used in public schools. "I pledge my allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.")

Let us sing one verse of "America" (all seated). My story this morning tells of one of our great World War heroes, and the way he showed that he loved his country.

The Story: In the wild mountain regions of Tennessee in a small two-room cabin, there grew to manhood a boy by the name of Alvin C. York. One day the summons came to help his country in the great war. Now Alvin York feared no man. He loved his country, yet he hated war with a deadly hatred. All his life he had loved his fellow-men. War meant bitter hatred, yet his country called, his country was in danger. He must go. So he bade good-bye to all he held dear, and sailed for France.

And now instead of days of peace and happiness, came days of war and hate. But every day, as he always did when home, York prayed to God to pro-

tect him, and help him live his life as a brave soldier should.

One day his chance came to show what God's help could do. Alone and unaided, York captured thirty-five machine guns and marched 132 men to the rear as prisoners. For valor and courage this deed was unsurpassed. Far and wide people said, "How could one man unaided silence thirty-five machine guns and bring in 132 prisoners?" It was a miracle. York steadfastly said, "God helped me." For him that was enough. It was no miracle. His courage and his great deed he took as a matter of course. But the world thought differently.

After the war ended Sergeant York received every medal that could be bestowed upon him. People said, "Ask what you will, it shall be given you. Money, position, land, houses, what shall it be?" Sergeant York thought it all over most carefully. He wanted nothing for himself—nothing. But what of his country? Was this just one more chance for him to serve? He thought of the awful war of death and destruction through which he had lived. There must never be another. Boys and girls must be educated against war. Then he said, "On every hand I see the Tennessee mountain children eager for an education, but like me when a boy, they have no schools to go to. This is what I will ask of the American people. Build schools for these children."

"It shall be done," said the people. And so has come the "York Foundation" by means of which thousands of dollars will be used to build schools for the mountain children of Tennessee. And now, every day, Ser-

geant York will see boys and girls growing up to be educated citizens of the great country he loves so well. And to him this means a rich reward. He is content.

PRAYER: God our Father, we pray that every day we live we may study to become good citizens, that, so, our country may be proud of us.

HYMN: No. 245.

SERVICE No. III

GIOVANNI, THE BOY WHO REFUSED TO HEAR HIS COUNTRY SLANDERED

APPROACH: The Italian Flag.

INTRODUCTION: Every American boy and girl loves his country and his country's flag. And boys and girls the world over are just like our boys and girls. They love the flag of their country. My story this morning is about an Italian boy, named Giovanni, and how he showed his love.

THE STORY: Giovanni was eleven years old, and for two of these years he had been with a traveling circus. His parents had given him to the circus. "What fun," you all say. Alas no, for Giovanni was beaten and starved and made to do circus tricks till his back and legs ached.

But one day he escaped. The circus came to Spain. Here Giovanni found the Italian consul. The consul, after hearing his story said: "You shall go home, Giovanni, back to Italy," and he gave him money for his passage on a boat sailing straight to Genoa. So with joy Giovanni embarked for Italy.

One day he stood on deck leaning against the railing. He was very sad. Only eleven years old and all alone. Could he find his parents when he got to Italy? Would they be kind to him? Would they be glad to see him? There were so many small brothers and sisters to take his place.

Just then three passengers passed and glanced his way. "How unhappy he looks," said one. "He seems to be all alone; let us talk with him, and find out something about him."

At first Giovanni was shy and afraid. These strangers might make him go back to the circus. But finally their friendly way won his confidence and he poured out his whole sad story. And then an astonishing thing happened. The strangers emptied their pockets of every coin they had and gave every one to Giovanni. He had never seen so much money before. To own it all filled him with boundless joy. Eagerly he poured out his thanks to his new-found friends. Then he hurried away to be alone, and to think what he might buy with his wealth. For one thing, he need not go hungry, at least not for a long time. And his ragged coat, he could buy a new one now—perhaps there would be even enough for a hat. He would save some of his wealth to take to his parents. Then they would surely be glad to see him.

While he sat thinking it over, he heard voices. At first, he paid no attention. Then he heard the word "Italy" and he listened. His new friends were talking over the countries they had visited. "As for Italy, I can say no good," said one. "It is a dirty country,"

said another—"So hot too," said a third—"I am sorry I must go there again."

"Why," thought Giovanni, "they are talking about Italy, my country." With blazing eyes and flushed cheeks he burst suddenly into view. With both hands he flung the money on deck before the astonished strangers. "Take back your money," he shouted, "and know I will not take money from people who insult my country." Then he fled to the shelter of his little cabin. For Giovanni was a true patriot, and poor as he was he could not take money from any one who slandered his country.

PRAYER: God our Father, we ask that always in all we do or say or think we may be loyal to our country. Amen.

HYMN: No. 245.

SERVICE NO. IV

A QUEEN SAVES HER PEOPLE FOR FEAR

HYMN: "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," No. 250.

APPROACH: Picture of some good queen, as Wilhelmina of Holland or Alexandra of England.

INTRODUCTION: The picture I show you is that of the good Queen ——. She is (was) beloved of all her subjects, because of her kind heart and noble life. My story this morning is of another queen, equally beloved. Because of her great faith, she saved her people. My story tells what she did.

THE STORY: It was on the island of Hawaii in the midst of which there stands a great volcanic mountain. One day, two men were seen talking together. Both seemed in great fear. "See," said one, pointing a shaking finger at the mountain—from which steam was hissing forth—"our great Goddess Pele is angry with us once more. Soon she will send upon us her awful fires. Even now can be heard her angry mutterings."

"How fair is our island when our goddess smiles," said the other. "'Tis long since she has been stirred to anger against us. Would she would smile always. Yet hath some one sinned and we must suffer."

For years the simple people of this island had lived under a strange and terrible belief. To them the outbursts of the great island volcano were due to the great Goddess Pele. This goddess, they believed, lived in the volcano. Stirred to anger at stated intervals because of their sins, she would send forth fire to destroy them. To appease this anger, the fairest youth and maiden of the island would be cast into the volcanic pit. Then the outburst would gradually subside. The goddess, appeased for a time, would remain quiet once more. So time after time the fairest on the island had been sacrificed, and the end was not yet.

Now Kapiolani, queen of the island, was a great and good woman. Because of the teaching of some missionaries a new belief had come into her life. For the first time she had heard of the great Jehovah God, and her faith had been shaken in the Goddess Pele. "Could I but free my people of their fear, gladly would I die," she thought.

She finally resolved to risk all, her very life, for her

people. She would go to the crater's mouth. She would call upon Jehovah to save her. Then she would defy the goddess to harm her.

Now when the intentions of their loved queen became known, the terror of the islanders was increased a hundred fold. With tears and lamentations they besought her not to risk her life for their sakes. "The Goddess Pele will destroy you," they cried, "and we shall all perish with you."

"I will trust in the Jehovah God," replied Kapiolani. "He will protect me and save us all."

One day the queen, accompanied by eighty of her subjects, journeyed one hundred miles to the foot of the great volcano. Here the queen turned, "I will ascend alone," she said. The people hid their faces from what they felt sure would happen. They were certain they were parting from their queen forever.

Up the sides of the great volcano climbed Kapiolani, resolute and unafraid. " 'Tis for my people," she said. "Jehovah will save me. But if not I can but perish."

To the very mouth of the crater she went, defying the Goddess Pele at every step. Above the hissing steam the people heard her voice. "If thou hast power, oh goddess, come forth and destroy me," she cried. "Jehovah is my God. He hath kindled these fires. I fear thee not." Then stone after stone she cast into the boiling crater.

"If I perish, my people," she cried, "fear Pele. If not, believe as do I in the power of Jehovah to save us all."

And then the waiting people, at the foot of the mountain, fearing fiery destruction for them all, heard

the voice of their queen, lifted their voices in a hymn of praise to her God Jehovah. And they fell on their knees in thanksgiving—for them the Goddess Pele was no more. Queen Kapiolani through her great faith had saved her people.

PRAYER: We thank Thee, oh God, that Thou art Jehovah our Father, and that we may trust Thee at all times. Help us every day we live to make our country a Christian country, obedient to God's laws. Amen.

HYMN: No. 250.

CHAPTER VII

Seventh Month. Theme, "Fidelity"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

AIM: To help the children realize that God puts honor upon those who are faithful to tasks given them. To inspire fidelity on the part of the children to every duty.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "Marching with the Heroes," No. 201.

SERVICE NO. I

A NIGHT IN A LION'S DEN

Picture to use at conclusion of story, "Daniel in the Lion's Den," Rivière. Size 11 x 17. Price $1.25. Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.

INTRODUCTION: How many can give me the name of the animal called the king of beasts? Yes, the lion. And woe betide the helpless, human being who chances to face alone an angry ferocious lion. We can imagine what would happen to him. My story this morning, however, tells of a man who spent one whole night, not with one but with many lions, and how it happened.

THE STORY: 'Twas long, long ago during the reign of King Darius of Babylon. Two young princes were heard in earnest conversation. "I tell thee, 'tis true.

I heard the king so declare—Daniel, the Jew, is to be made president over the kingdom."

"What say'st thou," said his companion, "Daniel?"

"Even so," said his friend—"Daniel, the Jew." And he laughed scornfully.

"Can naught be done?"

"Nay, Daniel hath the hearts of all in the kingdom. His work thou knowest well. No fault canst thou find with that. But, ha! I have it! We may seek to destroy him because of his God, to whom he prays three times daily."

"Say'st thou so?" said the other. "Yet what is that to the king?"

"I will show thee, stupid one! Let us but get the king's consent to my plan and Daniel's destruction is sure. I will call a meeting this very day of all the under-rulers, for verily they too will hate Daniel when they know the king's plan."

King Darius was a vain man. The plan proposed by the princes and rulers pleased him mightily, namely, "that he should make a law that no one in his kingdom should ask aught of God or man for thirty days, save of himself. If one broke this law, he should be thrown to the lions!"

"It shall be done," cried the king. "Bring hither quickly my pen, that I may sign this law."

The princes and rulers were mad with joy. "Sign, oh most noble Darius," they said. "Thou knowest the law can not be broken, nor can it be changed."

"Now, let us watch," said the princes. "Daniel is certain to pray to his God."

And it was even so. The very next day as his cus-

tom was, Daniel kneeled by his window, with his face toward his loved city Jerusalem, and prayed to Jehovah. He prayed in the morning, again at noontime, and at night.

"Ha! he prays to his God," said his watching enemies. With fierce exultation they hastened to the king. "Oh king, live forever," they exclaimed. "We have hurried to tell thee of Daniel, in whom thy soul delightest, for he hath disobeyed thy law, and prays to his God. He must be thrown to the lions, even as thou hast said."

And then the king realized what he had done, for the law of his country said a king dared not break a law once it was signed. All day King Darius walked the floor. He could neither eat nor drink, for dearly he loved and trusted Daniel. Full well he knew him to be the finest and most trustworthy man in his kingdom. "There must be a way to save Daniel," he thought. But no way could be found. So the king at last commanded that Daniel be brought before him.

"Daniel, my faithful servant," said the king. "Forgive me. Thou knowest I dare not change my law. Thou must be thrown to the lions. But Daniel, thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

Then they took Daniel and threw him into the lion's den and brought a stone and sealed the den tight.

"Ha! ha! Daniel is destroyed," cried his enemies. "Which one of us shall rule the kingdom now?"

All night long the king could not sleep. Hour after hour he paced the floor. Daniel, his beloved and trusted servant, Daniel, whom he had planned to make ruler

over his kingdom next to himself; Daniel devoured by lions! Over and over the scene came before him. And so the long night wore away.

With the first sign of day, King Darius rushed to the den. "Take away the stone," he shouted. Afraid to look into the den, he cried with a breaking heart, "Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Then back came the answer, straight from the depths of the den, "Oh king, live forever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths. They have not hurt me."

So Daniel was taken up out of the den and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God. (Picture of "Daniel and the Lions" may here be shown.)

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank Thee for this story of thy servant Daniel. Like him, may we learn to be faithful to our tasks, and serve Thee every day we live. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

SERVICE NO. II

THE STORY OF JIMMY STANDBY

APPROACH: Pictures of Labrador, or dog sleds and teams.

INTRODUCTION (Shows picture): Some of you will have heard the story of Dr. Grenfell, and his thrilling

escape with his dogs, after a night spent on an ice pan, in the open seas of Labrador. My story this morning is one Dr. Grenfell tells himself—he calls it "The Story of Jimmy Standby."

THE STORY: Jimmy was a Labrador boy, and his hero was Dr. Grenfell, who one awful winter night, with an icy gale blowing a hurricane, came with his dog team and saved the life of Jimmy's mother. Always after that, Jimmy said, "Some day I'll be Dr. Grenfell's man."

"So you think you will be my man some day, do you Jimmy," said the great doctor. "What will you do for me then?"

Jimmy was now thirteen years old. He stood up straight and tall. "I'll drive for you," he said, "I'll take care of your dogs; I'll do anything you ask me to."

"It's a hard life, Jimmy," said the good doctor; "could you stand it?"

"Sure," said Jimmy, "you just try me and see."

"How would you like to go with me on my trip to-morrow," said Dr. Grenfell, "I will be gone three days."

Jimmy's eyes shone. "Very well," said the doctor. "Be ready, put on your warmest clothes, it's liable to storm hard. I'll stop for you this time to-morrow. Perhaps you'll say, after this, you'd rather not be my man."

"I'm going to be your man," said Jimmy firmly.

And that's what he felt himself to be, as the following day he and the good doctor sped away over the ice, the dogs going at a good pace.

"What tracks are those, Jimmy," said Dr. Grenfell, "leading into the woods? I declare I believe a moose has passed this way. We've none too much meat along; do you think you could stand by the dogs and sled, if I go after that moose?"

"Sure," said Jimmy. "I'm your man. That's what I'm for."

Dr. Grenfell tied the dogs securely to a tree, grasped his gun and quickly disappeared into the woods after the coveted moose. Jimmy tramped about in the snow a bit. Then he thought. "Guess I'll feed the dogs. It must be dinner time." The dogs, eager to be off, ate ravenously. Jimmy swallowed his dinner too. But the doctor did not come back. Another hour passed and then another; where could the doctor be? Was he lost in the woods? The wind began to rise, the cold grew intense. The dogs, more and more restless, pulled frantically to be off.

"I'll feed them again," thought Jimmy. This time he noticed how little meat there was left. He must have given them too much the first time. He had heard of dogs devouring human beings made ferocious for lack of food.

Then something seemed to say to him, "How foolish you are to stay here alone. Start back home before night comes. You can make it before dark. Dr. Grenfell has forgotten all about you. Let the dogs take care of themselves." Jimmy set his teeth hard. "No sir, I won't go back home; I'll stand by if I die for it."

Again he went to the edge of the woods and called frantically, "Hello! Hello!" But there was no an-

swer. And so the day passed. No more food for the dogs. No help in sight. The black night had come, and with it a freezing gale. The dogs, wearied with their efforts to be off, lay down in the snow. Jimmy crept under some blankets and went off to sleep.

And so they found him next morning, almost unconscious, his feet and hands frozen. As they carried him tenderly to the hospital, Jimmy said, "Where's Dr. Grenfell?" "He was lost in the woods. He's been asking after you every minute."

"Tell him I stood by," said Jimmy, feebly.

Years have passed since that dreadful night. Today if you were to visit one of Dr. Grenfell's hospital, you would find a man with a wooden leg and an iron hook for a hand. "He stayed out one night with Dr. Grenfell's dogs," they say, "and one leg and arm were frozen. He lives here to help Dr. Grenfell run this hospital. They say Dr. Grenfell couldn't do without him." "His name?" "They call him Jimmy Standby; Dr. Grenfell's man!"

PRAYER: God our Father, we ask that always when called to do some task, we may, like Jimmy, do our best and prove ourselves faithful workers. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

SERVICE NO. III

A DOG HERO IN NO MAN'S LAND

APPROACH: A world war medal or some similar trophy.

INTRODUCTION: Tales of many brave, heroic deeds have come to us because of the great World War, but

none more heroic than one told of Jock, a dog hero of No Man's Land.

THE STORY: It was during the days of the great war. The wire entanglement must be mended. This was made impossible by the ceaseless firing of the enemy's machine gun.

"Stop that firing at once, Turner," came the command, "otherwise the wire can not be repaired."

Finding his machine gun ineffectual Turner bravely decided to work another way. Telling no one he quickly dropped over the top and crawled out into No Man's Land. His work finished, he started back when, crash! a shell burst almost in his very eyes, flinging him back many yards. Stunned and blinded by the shock Turner lay senseless and helpless, how long he knew not. When he again became conscious his first thought was, "Where am I; is it day or night?" Slowly it all came back why he was out in No Man's Land, somewhere near the enemy's trenches. He opened his eyes and stared about him. Once find out his position; he could crawl slowly back to safety. But he could make out nothing, absolutely nothing. Then the truth dawned upon him—he was blind, stone blind, out in No Man's Land. His comrades did not know of his plight, so would not come to his rescue. Was there any hope of life left?

With nerves stretched to breaking point Turner lay on the ground in agonized suspense. A slight noise near by caught his attention. Now something touched his body. Did it mean life or death? And then he could have cried for joy as he felt his face being licked by a small dog's tongue. It was Jock, the fox terrier,

mascot of his company. But how had he known he was out there, how had he made his way to his side? Turner flung his arms around the dog's neck for here was his one chance to get back. Taking off a puttee, he fastened it to the dog's neck. Then holding the other end he whispered excitedly, "Go back, Jock, go back."

It seemed hours before that exciting walk ended. On they went, over the bumps and shell holes of No Man's Land, Jock leading the way. "Are we headed in the right direction?" thought Turner. "I can only trust Jock."

Then came the sentry's challenge, "Who goes there?" and Turner realized he was back with his own company, while Jock's joyful yelps and barks, heralded his safe return. He was saved, saved by Jock, a dog hero of No Man's Land.

PRAYER: God our Father, we thank Thee for our friends of the animal world. Help us always to repay their fidelity and courage with kindness and loving care. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

SERVICE NO. IV

A RESCUE THAT THRILLED THE WORLD

APPROACH: The picture of a steamship, secured from some Steamship Company or other source.

INTRODUCTION: Every day we live there sail from different ports great steamships going to and from different places in the world. A great aid to safety

Heroes beyond praise: The volunteer crew of *The Roosevelt*

on the high seas is the use of wireless, by means of which ships in distress can send an S. O. S. for help. Here is the story of one of the greatest rescues ever attempted on the high seas and one that thrilled the world. This is

THE STORY: Dawn was about to break on the great high seas and the Steamship *Roosevelt* pitched and tossed about, gallantly riding the waves that almost threatened to overwhelm her. Yet the passengers felt secure in God's keeping under the guidance of brave Captain Fried. Then suddenly came the S. O. S. "The English ship *Antinoe* disabled; save, oh save!"

A ship in distress? Lives in danger? There was but one thing to do. The law of the seas must be obeyed. The good ship *Roosevelt* was turned from her course and speeded bravely to the rescue. For six hours the *Roosevelt* fought the winds and waves. Then came a cry from the lookout—"The ship, the ship at last." Sure enough, pitching and tossing, back and forth, her bridge and rudder both gone, there lay the stricken *Antinoe*—a desolate spectacle indeed. But how reach her side, how rescue her captain and crew of twenty-five men? The waves were now mountain high, the gale was blowing with terrifying force, while the sleet and snow blinded the eyes of the brave rescuing crew. "We will stand by and save them, or perish with them," said they all. "May God help us win the fight."

For it was a fight. A fight to stand by in that raging sea, a fight to keep their courage high as each endeavor failed, through four sleepless days and nights. Every means known to seamanship were employed, oil was

pumped into the sea; lines were fired by means of rockets, heavy ropes sent across failed to reach the doomed ship. Floats and empty boats were alike useless and every means failed. As a last resource, knowing well they faced death by so doing, a life boat was launched and eight of the *Roosevelt* crew ventured forth to save. But the life boat was overturned in the waves, and two of the *Roosevelt* crew drowned. Yet still the *Roosevelt's* captain and crew stood by undaunted, willing to give their own lives that they might save their fellowmen.

And finally reward came. The sea calmed, the storm died away, the moon shone. Another lifeboat was launched and successfully reached the side of the disabled *Antinoe*. A second trip speedily followed. The *Antinoe's* captain and crew, almost dead with exhaustion and exposure, were saved. Then the *Roosevelt* blew a cheering blast and speeded on her way.

Later America and England vied with one another to honor these heroes of the sea, while the whole world thrilled at the tale. But to Captain Fried and his crew came joy that the praise of man can never give. They had been faithful to God and their fellowman; they had raised higher than ever before the traditions of the sea they loved. They had saved human life. It was enough.

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee for Captain Fried and his men who faithfully stood by in that awful storm and saved those lives. We ask Thee to make us faithful to every duty, so that we may come to have a spirit like theirs. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

CHAPTER VIII

Eighth Month. Theme, "Kindness"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "Be ye kind."

AIM: To help children realize the power of kind deeds. To help them determine to be kind to some one every day they live.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "I Would be True," No. 170.

SERVICE NO. I

AN ARMY CONQUERED THROUGH KINDNESS

APPROACH: Some weapon of defense as sword, gas mask, etc.

INTRODUCTION: When countries go to war, it has always been the custom to treat one another with hatred and cruelty. Nations are constantly at work inventing ways and means to conquer through destruction. Our story this morning tells of a king and his whole army that were conquered in quite a different way.

THE STORY: Two soldiers lay at rest after a long, hard march. "We shall sleep secure this night," said one, "safe from our Israelitish enemies. But who might our strange guide have been—the man who led

our troops to this safe place with promises that we should find Elisha—Elisha called the man of God, he who knows our plans, and fights for Israel with his knowledge? Hast seen him here?"

His companion rolled over on his side and settled himself for sleep, "Nay, naught have I seen of Elisha. But once capture him and the enemy is in our hands. I pray the sun go not down to-morrow, ere the gods deliver him to us."

But sleep was not for them that night. They woke to see the face of a third soldier bending over them. Rudely he caught one of them by the arm. "Awake, awake," he whispered hoarsely. "Knowest thou where we are?"

His companions roused themselves and stared at him stupidly, half awake. "Oh, fools, fools that we are," he exclaimed bitterly. "Once more have we been outwitted by Elisha—Elisha the friend of our enemy; Elisha who 'tis said hath power with God, to outwit kings even——"

"How say'st thou—outwitted by Elisha?"

"Ah, and that right truly. Dost know who our guide of to-day was, the man who came to us with smooth promises that he could lead us to find Elisha? Yea, verily, did he lead us where we might find Elisha, but likewise did he lead us through that blinding mist to Samaria, the stronghold of our enemy. Even now the gates are shut upon us, while the enemy surrounds the city. We are lost."

But in the palace of the king of Israel there was great rejoicing. "The enemy is ours! The city gates

are shut. They can not escape us. Our troops surround the city. Victory, victory, is ours!"

"What say'st thou, Elisha, Elisha, thou man of God, who once more hast helped us gain the victory. Shall we smite with the sword? Shall we slay with bow and arrow? For behold they can not escape."

Elisha raised his head and gazed steadfastly at the king. "'Tis Jehovah hath given the enemy into thine hand this day. I am but his servant. Dost ask what thou shalt do now? Then God would have thee spare thine enemy. Behold he hath done thee no harm."

"What say'st thou, Elisha?" said the king in great astonishment. "And should we spare the enemy, behold they would return and kill us—we must destroy, while yet there is time."

"Nay," said Elisha, "not so."

"What, then, dost thou counsel us?" said the king.

"Treat them with kindness—on the morrow give them to eat—show thyself a friend. Trust in Jehovah. Again I say 'tis not his will they shall perish—show mercy to thine enemy and thou shalt magnify Jehovah." Gravely the king considered. Dared he do this thing? Yet times without number Elisha had proved himself right, he would follow him now.

So he turned to his servants, "Behold, this is my command! On the morrow prepare a great feast for the enemy. Bid them sit down as friends to my table. And then shall they depart in peace to their own king and country."

So, on the morrow, the enemy, astonished beyond measure, were summoned not to death but to a great

feast. Then, laden with gifts, were sent rejoicing back home.

And when the king of Syria saw the great sight of his army returned to him unharmed, he vowed a great vow, that never again would he war upon Israel. He and his army had been completely conquered through kindness.

PRAYER: God, our Father, help us always to remember the power of kindness, and so learn how to treat our enemies, that they may become our friends. Amen.

HYMN: No. 170.

SERVICE No. II

WHY THE ENEBUSKE DOG TEAM LOST THE RACE

(This story may be used as a splendid incentive for enrolling the children with the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Enrolment buttons and full information furnished on request. Write your nearest society.)

APPROACH: Red Cross button, S. P. C. A. button.

INTRODUCTION (show Red Cross button): We are all familiar with the Red Cross button which stands for kindness and care for all suffering people. (Then show S. P. C. A. button.) This button is one of another kind. It stands for kindness and care for all the animal world. Our story this morning tells of a young driver of a dog team who suffered defeat in a great race, rather than injure one of the dogs.

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"PALS"
Miss Enebuske and her dog Scamp

THE STORY: It was an exciting winter day in Poland Springs. A great race was to be run that day, a race with dogs and sleds over the frozen snow; cold and sparkling it stretched far and wide for miles.

"They say one of the drivers is a girl. Who ever heard of a girl driving an Esquimo dog team!" said one.

"Do you know Clara Enebuske?" said another. "Ever seen her team? She's one of the best drivers I ever saw, drives without whip or stick of any sort. Her team just can't be beat—wait 'till you see them. Here they come now—watch the Enebuske team, that's all I say."

And watch the Enebuske team everybody did! The driver, a slender girl of twenty with a happy smile and fearless way, seemed sure of success as she and her dogs made their get-a-way and raced out of sight.

"That girl wins, or I'm no judge," said the referee. "She made the best start of them all."

Time passed slowly to the waiting crowd. At last the winning team came in sight. The crowd leaned forward breathlessly. It was not the Enebuske team!

Another wait, and again a team of dogs raced home. A few minutes more and the third winning team was back. At last all the teams were home, every one but the Enebuske dogs and their driver. Hours passed—where could the girl be—where were her dogs? People began to be anxious. What could have happened? "The girl has lost her way; her dogs have run away with her—we must find her," they said. So they started out in autos to bring her back—at last they

found her. Sitting among great heaps of snow, she was comforting her great dog, Michael.

"You see he lamed his foot and just couldn't race. Oh no, I wouldn't think of urging him with such a bad foot, but he would have tried if I had asked him, wouldn't you, Michael, old fellow? No, I don't need any help; we'll be back all right after Michael has rested."

So, weary, exhausted and laughing she finally trudged in after four long hours, having walked nine miles in the snow and cold to spare her lame pet.

A great cheer went up from the waiting crowd. "Some girl, that," they said. "She would have been one of the winners, they say, if she had only made that lame dog run. Where is she now?" "Oh, she's in the barn. She won't let anybody care for those dogs but herself."

"I'd lose a hundred races, rather than hurt you, wouldn't I, Michael, old boy?" said his loving mistress, as she bent anxiously over her lame pet. And Michael looked up in her face just as though he wanted to say, "I'm so sorry. I know it's all my fault. But we'll try again, and next time we'll win!"

PRAYER: God our Father, help us at all times and in every way to be kind and merciful to our faithful friends of the animal world. Amen.

HYMN: No. 170.

Service No. III

A STRANGE RIDE HOME

(Adapted from "The Boy on London Bridge" from *"I Wonder Why Stories"* by George Adams, used by permission of the publishers, George H. Doran Company, New York.)

Approach: One or two articles of a bootblack's kit, as brush and box of blacking.

Introduction: You have all seen bootblacks at work—heard their eager, "Shine, sir, shine." Then in just a few minutes you have seen shoes made clean and shining through their quick work. Our story this morning tells of a young bootblack and how he helped give a little crippled newsboy an unexpected ride home.

The Story: Alone on the great London Bridge at night the soldier paced restlessly back and forth. His duty it was to guard this bridge, for it was during the days of the great war. Back and forth, back and forth, he paced, always listening for the enemy. How dark the night was! A cold rain had set in. How lonely he felt, would the night ever end?

Suddenly he heard a sound—who could be crossing the bridge such a night? He listened. What a strange sound it was, too! Quickly he raised his gun. Tap, tap, tap, nearer and nearer it came. The soldier, just ready to cry, "Halt," recognized a tiny newsboy walking with a crutch, making his way painfully along, his bunch of unsold papers under his arm. Half way

across he paused to rest leaning against the railing of the bridge.

"Poor little fellow," said the soldier, as he lowered his gun. "All alone on such a night. Wish I might give him a ride home."

Just then came another sound. Some one running fast. This time it was a bootblack, his bare feet blue with cold, hurrying home after his hard day's work.

"Another poor fellow," thought the soldier. "I must watch and see he doesn't steal any pennies from that poor newsboy." He drew nearer, then paused and listened as voices reached his ear. The bootblack had stopped to talk to the little cripple. "Where you goin'?" "Home," said the newsboy briefly.

"Kind o' tired, aint you?" "Not so very," said the newsie, cheerfully. "Far to go?" "Oh, no, just over on Maple Center."

"Say, young feller," said the bootblack, "that's two miles from here—you can't make that to-night in all this rain," and he glanced pityingly down on the small newsboy's crutch.

"Yes, I will, I do every night." The bootblack thought a minute. "Say, how'd you like to ride?" he asked suddenly. "How could I? There's nothing to ride." "Yes there is, I'll show you."

The bootblack kneeled down on the cold, wet bridge, slipped his kit off his shoulder and offered his strong young back to the little cripple. "Get on," he said shortly, "I'll take you home."

"Oh, you couldn't," said the newsboy drawing back. "I'm too heavy and there's your kit, too." "I'll come back for that. Quick, I'm a horse now, just try me."

"Somebody'll steal your kit while you're gone, you'll be sorry."

"Oh, you quit bothering and get on my back," pleaded the bootblack once more.

So slowly the little newsboy climbed up and put both little thin arms around the bootblack's neck.

The bootblack slowly straightened himself, adjusted his back to his burden and cast one last look at his kit—what if it should be gone when he came for it? "Hold on fast now," he shouted, "I'll get you home in no time." And he pranced off in the darkness.

"A brave lad, that, and a kind one," said the watching soldier. "His kit will be here when he comes for it, I'll see to that."

PRAYER: God, our Father, help us every day to take time to be kind to others, especially to any who may need our help. Amen.

HYMN: No. 170.

SERVICE No. IV

OLD GROUCH

APPROACH: A bright red apple.

INTRODUCTION: Apples are very often sold in our great cities by old men from push-carts. Their life is often monotonous as they wearily push their wares from street to street, hoping to attract the chance buyer. Our story this morning tells about one of these apple peddlers, and how his name came to be "Old Grouch."

THE STORY: His name was really Mr. James Thomas Sullivan—but as long as he could remember he had been "Old Grouch" to the children. He lived all alone in one tiny room and sold newspapers and small fruits for a living. Lame for many years, he walked with a crutch and greeted every one with a scowl. As for boys, the very sight of one made him fairly tremble with rage. They were his worst enemies, he was sure of that. Didn't they tease and provoke the very life out of him every day he lived? He wished he could go to some place where there were no boys—then maybe he'd have a little peace.

"You see, mother, it's just this way," said John. "We boys don't really mean to tease him, but he does get so mad if we even look at him we just can't help it. Why only to-day he came out at us and tried to hit us with his old crutch, and yelled so you could hear him a block off."

"You boys must have done something," said mother, "laughed at him and made fun of him, I suppose."

"Why don't you try to do him a kindness?" said mother. "Stop calling him 'Old Grouch,' help him some time and see how that works."

"We couldn't get near enough to help him," said John. "Not with that old crutch of his. He's just 'Old Grouch' and that's all there is to it."

But not many days later, the chance really came. It had been raining very hard. The gutters were full of dark, muddy water. The pavements filled here and there with pools and puddles tempted many a child to splash through. "Old Grouch" was on the watch as usual for his tormentors. " 'Twould be just like 'em

to knock all my apples in that mud," he thought, as he looked warily right and left.

Just then a bunch of boys came in sight. "Hello, 'Old Grouch,' how many apples you sold to-day? Give us one, can't you?" Eagerly they pushed each other nearer the tempting cart. "Just one, oh come on now," they shouted.

"Old Grouch" waved his crutch right and left in helpless rage. And then it happened—one extra push nearer than before and over went the cart, the apples rolling everywhere in wild confusion. This was real mischief and the boys all knew it. "Run boys," shouted Tom, and off the bunch scampered; all but John. Quick as lightning his mother's words came to him—"Why not do him a kindness; stop calling him 'Old Grouch'—see how that works."

Hastily he began to chase the apples, picking them from gutter and sidewalk. The other boys, watching from a distance, came slowly back one by one and began to pick them up, too. "Old Grouch" followed them, raining blows right and left with his crutch. "Hold on, Mr. Sullivan, we boys want to help you," shouted John. "Mr. Sullivan"—why when had "Old Grouch" ever heard that name before? Not in years. Why those boys were actually helping him! The apples were nearly all picked up now. Other friendly hands were near, friendly faces smiled in his. His cart was righted, his papers safe, the apples back in place.

"We boys didn't mean to knock your cart over. We're awful sorry, Mr. Sullivan." And John tipped his hat and ran off, followed by the others.

A slow smile illumined the face of "Old Grouch"—

the first in years. "Mr. Sullivan, eh?" he thought. "Boys ain't so bad after all. I been one myself!"

PRAYER: Our Father, teach us always to return good for evil and help us to do a kindness to somebody every day we live. Amen.

HYMN: No. 170.

CHAPTER IX

Ninth Month. Theme, "Honesty"

[NOTE:—The last three stories for this month are planned with the special thought in mind of meeting life's situations such as may come to all children. They are all true stories. The daily papers may herald the return of a bag of gems or a wallet of money, but children have no chance to return gems and wallets as a rule. The honesty of Lincoln as shown by walking miles to return a few cents overcharge; the honesty of a boy who refused to look beforehand at examination questions; the honesty of a girl who refused to keep an alluring little purse and its contents; all these true stories it is hoped will make a distinct appeal, and help the children to be honest, at all times, in even the small things of life.—M. K. B.]

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men."

AIM: To help children see the value and beauty of truth, as a necessity for all right living. To help them to be honest and truthful at all times.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted," No. 163.

Service No. I

WHY A RUNAWAY SLAVE RETURNED TO HIS MASTER

Approach: A picture of Lincoln.

Introduction (Shows picture): You all know one of the great things President Lincoln did for our country was to free the slaves. He had deepest sympathy for them. He knew how hateful slavery was, and he hated it with all his heart. My story this morning is about a youth who was a slave and how he ran away from his master. One day he decided to return. My story will tell you why.

The Story: Paul of Tarsus was held a prisoner by the Roman government. He was allowed the freedom of his own home, and permission to come and go at will in the city of Rome. Yet always, everywhere he went, he was chained to a soldier.

One morning Paul and his keeper were walking through the streets of Rome—Paul as always on the lookout for those he might help. And that morning he found Onesimus. Tucked away in a dark corner, his head on his hands, friendless and alone, Paul noticed a youth of about eighteen years. He looked so forlorn and dejected Paul went straight to him. "Who art thou, lad," he said. "What aileth thee, art thou sick?" The lad started to his feet as though to run for his life. Then seeing Paul's kind face he took courage. "Food," he said; "just a little food, or I die of hunger." Paul asked no questions; all he said was:

"Follow me, and I will give thee food." Turning he led the way to his own home, where food was given the half-starved youth.

"Now my lad," said Paul, "where dost thou live, and what is thy name?"

"My name," said the youth, "is Onesimus. I have no home, no friends." Paul looked keenly at him. "How did'st thou come here?" he asked. "I have come from a far country," said Onesimus. "I can not go back there again. Oh, sir," he added, "let me stay here. Truly I will serve thee well."

"I will trust thee," said Paul. "Thou may'st stay here and serve me for a time."

And so Onesimus came to be Paul's most trusted servant, coming and going at will. He worked hard and faithfully and served Paul with deep devotion.

Paul learned to love and trust him fully as the days passed. With no family, with friends far away, a prisoner of the Roman government, he learned to look upon Onesimus as a son, and loved him with all his heart.

But all was not well with Onesimus. At times he seemed sad at heart and looked at Paul with troubled eyes.

"What is it, Onesimus?" said Paul. "Tell me all that is in thine heart."

Onesimus raised his head. He looked Paul straight in the eyes. "I will tell thee all," he said. "I came from Asia. My master treated me kindly, though I was his slave. I hated to be a slave, so one day I took some of his money and then I ran away and came to

Rome, and thou did'st find me. Many times have I longed to tell thee all, yet I could not."

"And what was thy master's name?" said Paul. "His name was Philemon," said Onesimus, "and he lives in Colosse." "What," said Paul, "Philemon of Colosse? He is my friend, Onesimus," he added, "thou must return to thy master."

Onesimus started to his feet. "Nay, nay, that I could never do. He will be so angry with me. He will throw me into prison. I could not leave thee—Oh, I could not."

"Thou must do what is right," said Paul. "I will write Philemon; I will ask him to forgive thee. I will give thee money to return to him—but thou must go back. I beseech thee to go."

"There will be none to care for thee as I have," said Onesimus. "I pray thee, my dear master, let me stay with thee. Never have I known such true happiness as with thee, for thou dost love me, me a poor slave boy."

"Yes, Onesimus, I love thee as my very own son," said Paul. "Yet must thou return to Philemon and take back the money that is his."

Onesimus was silent. Could he do this hard, hard thing? He felt Paul's loving gaze upon him. Yes, he would go back. "I will go," he said. That was all, but it was enough.

All that night Paul sat writing and thinking of his friend Philemon. In the morning the money and the letter were ready for Onesimus to take with him.

Paul and Onesimus said farewell and Onesimus sailed that very day for Colosse. They were never to

meet again. True, there was deep sadness in their hearts, yet there was too a deep content.

Onesimus had done right and once more he felt himself a man of honor.

PRAYER: Help us, our Father, all our lives to be true in all we do, and all we say, even when it is hard.

HYMN: No. 163.

SERVICE NO. II

WHAT IT COST A YOUNG MAN TO BE HONEST

APPROACH: A picture of winter sports, snowshoeing, hiking, coasting, etc.

INTRODUCTION (Shows picture): I suppose this past winter every one of you has had good times, because of the snow. Some of our best times are associated with snowshoes and sleds. But while it is one thing to play out in the snow, it is another to be out in a driving snowstorm because duty calls you to be there. My story this morning tells of just such a time.

THE STORY: It was a cold stormy afternoon in mid-winter. Tiny flakes of snow had begun to fall. The rising wind heralded a big storm. The tall young grocery clerk hitched his chair nearer the wood stove. His eyes were bent on an old book—"not likely many will be out this day to buy," he thought. "'Twill give me a quiet time for reading."

Just at that moment a small boy entered the store, a boy with patched clothes and a woolen cap pushed

way down over his ears. He shivered with cold, as though he had come a long way. The tall young clerk came quickly forward with a cheerful smile. "Well, sonny, what can I do for you."

The boy produced a small bit of paper on which was carefully written a list of needed articles.

"Let's see," said the clerk. "Tea, sugar, bacon, oatmeal, flour and salt. Sure you don't want anything more, some cookies or apples?"

The boy shook his head rather wistfully—"No, sir, mother wants the change. I promised to bring it all back."

"Then here you are," said the clerk. The boy slipped the money carefully into his mitten, took up his bag of groceries and turned to go.

"Can't you stay a bit and warm up before you start back?" said the clerk.

"No, sir, thank you," said the boy, "I must get back home before dark."

"How far must you go?" said the clerk. "Just a ways down the road," said the boy.

"Why you are widow Collin's boy, aren't you? You live in that little brown house about two miles from here?"

The boy nodded. "Well, then you had best start," said the kindly clerk. "That's quite a walk, with the wind against you, too. So good-bye and good luck to you." And the boy started off back home.

"A plucky lad that," said the clerk to himself. "I've heard of his mother. It's been hard for her to keep the home since the father died last April." And he turned to go back to his book. After reading a time

he thought again of that list of groceries. What had he charged that boy anyway? He thought a moment. "However did I happen to give him short change?" he exclaimed. "That boy will think he has lost it. Well, there's no help for it, I just must get that money there to-night." He went to the door and looked out. The road was drifting rapidly. Not a sign of any one going out that way. "No help for it," thought the young man, "I'll have to walk out with it myself." He went back, got his wool cap and muffler, his coat and high boots, then he started out.

My, how the wind blew! The snow had changed to a driving sleet which blew in his face with freezing force. The snow that had already fallen made walking very difficult. It was a hard fight. Many another would have turned back and waited for daylight and the skies to clear. But some way the picture would persist, that small boy putting the change so carefully in his mitten to keep safe to give to his mother. So the clerk set his teeth and struggled on.

It was night before the light from the little house shone through the snow and sleet. He was there at last! A loud rap brought a sweet-faced woman to the door. The little boy, his face streaked with tears, stood in the rear.

"I gave your little boy short change, ma'am," said the young grocer. "I just walked out with it. Good night."

Then he turned and sped back in the darkness.

"Oh, mother," said the little boy. "I did not lose the money after all. Wasn't it kind of Mr. Lincoln to bring it back?"

For this honest young grocer was none other than our great Abraham Lincoln. And even after he became president, one of the names that endeared him to all was that of "Honest Abe."

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee for the life of our great President Lincoln. We thank Thee for his kindness and his honesty every day he lived. Help us to be like him. Amen.

HYMN: No. 163.

SERVICE No. III

FAIRLIE'S EXAMINATION

APPROACH: An examination paper or a set of examination questions.

HYMN: "Yield not to temptation," No. 174.

INTRODUCTION (Shows paper): I have in my hand an examination paper. It has a good mark. I suppose, however, if I were to ask every boy and girl to stand who liked examinations, not one of you would rise. Examinations are considered necessary however. They test our knowledge and our characters. My story this morning is a true one of a boy whom we will call Fairlie. The story shows how one day an examination proved a test for his whole class, both in what they knew and what they were.

THE STORY: For some reason there was great excitement in the Junior class of Fairview Academy. Groups of boys were seen talking in low tones and excited whispers.

"I tell you Jim has the questions. He found them on the floor near Professor Johnson's desk. The paper was dated. It was the examination questions for to-morrow. It's a sure thing!"

"Gee, what luck! Now we'll know what to study," said James. "We'll all pass this examination, if we flunk every other one this term." And so the word was passed quickly from boy to boy.

"I wonder what Fairlie will do," said some. "He calls it cheating to look at examination questions beforehand."

When Fairlie heard of the find he left none in doubt as to what he would do. "I'd rather fail than cheat," he said. "It's as bad as telling a lie to do a thing like that. I'll take my chance without looking at the questions." John Winchester, his chum, had been undecided, but after hearing Fairlie's words he said, "I won't look either." So that night Fairlie and John spent in hard study while the other boys fooled and frolicked away their time.

The next morning the Junior class took seats in the class-room promptly. Professor Johnson soon appeared with a brisk "Good morning, boys." He went to the board and began to write the questions. The boys began to write without hesitation, every one but Fairlie and John. Usually there were long pauses, much thinking and looking off into space. But not so this morning. Every boy finished in record time, and one after another handed in his paper, with all the questions answered.

Fairlie was the last to finish. He went up slowly to the desk. "Was it a hard one, Fairlie?" said Professor

Johnson kindly. "Yes, sir, it was, and I hope I passed," said Fairlie. "The other boys did not seem to find it hard," said Professor Johnson.

Fairlie said nothing. He feared to risk one word. He would not betray his mates, whatever else he did. He waited in silence. "You may go, Fairlie," said Professor Johnson.

The next morning the Junior Class assembled promptly. No examination that morning anyway.

The door opened. In came Professor Johnson and went directly to the board. Then to the astonishment of the boys he began to write.

Another examination! The boys looked at one another uneasily. The questions were much harder than the others had been and they were totally unprepared. Professor Johnson turned. "I am sorry to say that from the examination papers I looked over yesterday it is very clear the questions were known to the class beforehand. I am surprised and disappointed. You have failed both in what you know and what is more important, in what you have shown me you are."

"We will have another examination this morning. Two boys are, however, excused from taking it. Fairlie Brown and John Winchester. Will these two boys report to the Principal at once?" Here he smiled kindly at Fairlie and John. "You are excused," he said.

The two boys hardly knew what to make of it, but left the room at once and went straight to the Principal's office. He rose to meet them. "Boys," he said, "it was very clear to both Professor Johnson and myself that you did not know what the questions were to

be, for yesterday's examination. I am sure you both had the chance to know, and I want to commend you heartily for your honesty."

There was silence for a moment. Then Fairlie looked straight at his Principal. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but I don't think we deserve praise for being honest. We just couldn't see it to be any other way."

The Principal held out his hand. "Then all I can say is, I am proud to have you two boys as students. You are an honor to the school."

Later the two boys were talking it over. "I don't see why he took the trouble to say all that to us," said Fairlie. "Like we told him, we just couldn't have done differently."

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee for boys and girls like Fairlie. Help us all to meet every test the way he did, and so uphold the honor of our school.

HYMN: No. 163.

SERVICE NO. IV

A LOST POCKETBOOK FINDS ITS OWNER

APPROACH: A girl's handbag or pocketbook.

HYMN: "Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart," No. 1.

INTRODUCTION (Shows pocketbook): I wonder if any of the girls here has ever lost her pocketbook? If so how glad you were to find it again, or have it returned to you by one who did find it. My story this morning is a true one about a girl and what she did to give a lost pocketbook back to its owner.

THE STORY: Mary Gleason was a shy little girl in Barbara's class in school. She admired Barbara from afar, her pretty clothes, her laughing ways, the big car in which she often rode to school. Often she would think, "If only I were rich like Barbara, how wonderful life would be."

One afternoon she came home from school and found her younger brother Bob with two quarters and a dime jingling in his pocket. Now even dimes were scarce in Bob's life and two quarters besides were unheard of wealth.

"Bob, where in the world did you get all that money," said Mary.

"Found it," said Bob briefly. "Found it, Bob, where, in the street?" Bob said nothing. "Bob, you didn't steal it?" said Mary, in a horrified whisper.

"No," said Bob, "I found it on the walk going to school."

Mary thought a moment. "Bob, did you find Barbara Hamilton's pocketbook? She's lost it again, the second time this week. I heard her asking all the girls, had they seen it."

"Well, what if I did find it," said Bob. "That girl's got lots of money, she can afford to lose some now and then. What's a dollar or two to her?"

"But, Bob, it's not honest to keep it, you know it isn't. Oh please, Bob, give it back."

"I would if she was poor, but her Dad will give her another pocketbook, and fill it full of money for her, too.

"This money will just take me and Jack to the movies, and a dime for candy. Wouldn't you like the

pocketbook yourself?" He held up Barbara's little gray purse lined with red silk. Would she like it? How often Mary had longed for a purse just like it. But it would be stealing just the same to keep it.

Mary was silent for a moment. What could she do to help Bob do the right thing?

"Listen, Bob," she said coaxingly. "If you'll give me Barbara's pocketbook just as you found it, I'll ask mother to let you have Jack stay for supper and tonight we'll make candy in the kitchen."

"Mother won't let us. The last time we tried it she said she didn't get the kitchen clean for a week."

"But that was when you and Jack made it alone. I'll stay and help you this time, and clean everything up afterwards."

"Thought you were going out?" said Bob.

"I was, but if you'll give up Barbara's pocketbook, I'll stay home."

"All right, Sis. It's a bargain. I'd rather make candy that go to the movies anyway, and so would Jack."

"Why Mary," said mother, "will you really stay in and help the boys? You've been counting on going to Nancy's house all this week."

"Yes, mother, please," said Mary. "You see there's a special reason."

Mother asked no questions. She trusted Mary always.

"Very well, I am willing," she said.

It was a very tired Mary that went to bed that night. But two sticky, thoroughly happy boys was her re-

ward, and didn't she have Barbara's pocketbook to return in the morning? She was more than content.

"You've sure got a fine sister," said Jack. "I wish my sister would do things like that sometimes. But she never has any time."

"Mary's a peach," said Bob. "I'm going to do something for her too, some fine day."

Bob didn't say what and nobody but Mary knew. Not even Barbara when the next day to her great surprise she found her pocketbook in her desk.

"And just think, girls, nobody had taken one thing out of it, not even my dandy fountain pen."

Barbara never knew who found it, nor who returned it. That was a secret, just between Bob and Mary.

PRAYER: God, our Father, help us always at all times, to be honest in all we say and in all we do. Amen.

HYMN: No. 163.

CHAPTER X

Tenth Month. Theme, "Courage"

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "Be strong and of good courage."

AIM: To help children realize the value of a brave spirit in overcoming difficulties; to inspire them to exercise courage wherever occasion shall call. To help them sense God's presence to aid them in overcoming their fears.

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "Marching with the Heroes" No. 201.

SERVICE No. I

THE STORY OF A GREAT SHIPWRECK

APPROACH: The picture of a big ocean liner (secured from steamship companies or other sources) or picture of the ocean.

INTRODUCTION (Leader shows picture): Every day the great ocean liners cross the seas in safety. Very seldom in these days do we hear of a shipwreck. My story this morning, however, is a true one of a ship that had only sails to guide her, and one day during a great storm she was dashed to pieces on the rocks. My story will tell what happened.

THE STORY: Paul of Tarsus was a great traveler. All his life he had longed to see Rome. And now his

hopes were to be realized, for at last he found himself on a ship bound for Italy. Yet how different from the way he had planned! For Paul of Tarsus, innocent though he was of any crime, was yet a prisoner, and he with others were being sent to Rome for trial. For a time all went well. Yet the ship made her way with difficulty, for strong winds blew to drive her from her course. Paul knew much about sea voyages, and when the ship touched at Fair Havens he warned the captain it was unsafe to proceed further until the winter storms and gales should be over.

"This man does not know what he is talking about," said the pilot. "Fair Havens is no place to winter in. My advice is to go ahead with our voyage." So on they went. Yet Paul's words proved true indeed, for one day a terrible northeast storm burst upon them, and the ship was driven far from her course. Terrible days followed. Day and night the gales blew a hurricane. Great waves, mountain high, rocked the vessel from side to side. None of the crew could touch food for they felt each moment would be their last. Then Paul stood up—full of courage and gave a message of cheer. He said, "Take courage, men, for there stood by me last night in a dream an angel of God, to whom I belong and whom I serve, who said, "Fear not, Paul, for you and all in the ship shall be saved. You will all land upon an island." These were the first words of hope heard in many days. They said: "This prisoner does not fear; we will hope too."

And all through the terrible times that followed, Paul's courage gave them all confidence. Even when it seemed certain the ship would land upon the rocks,

Paul's words rang out—"Fear not; we shall all be saved."

Then came the captain's command: "Lighten the ship, men, lighten the ship; overboard with the freight." The sailors obeyed, and in this way the ship was kept afloat. But all this time no island was in sight. The sailors whispered to one another, "We will let down the life boats and escape—the prisoners can stay with the ship and drown." But Paul perceived their plan. "Unless you all stay with the ship, you can not be saved," he called. When daylight broke, there was the island!

"If we can reach that island we shall be saved," cried the captain. "Up with the sail, men, up with the sail." The sail was lifted, the wind caught it, and headlong the ship was driven on the rocks. Every moment was precious now. Soon the wind and waves would tear the ship to pieces. "Kill the prisoners, otherwise they will escape; we will swim ashore," cried the sailors.

But the captain ordered otherwise, unwilling harm should come to the brave Paul of Tarsus. "Touch not one prisoner," came the command; "jump for your lives, everybody—quick, the ship sinks." Just then a huge wave carried the ship farther on the rocks. She broke and sank. But the captain, his crew and every one of the prisoners came safely to shore. Some clung to wreckage, some swam, some were washed ashore.

Paul's words came true.

PRAYER: Our Father, we pray Thee for courage and for faith like Paul's, that shall help us all in times of danger and difficulty. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

Service No. II

HOW COURAGE HELPED A BOY TO SUCCESS

For Approach: A bright fifty cent piece.

Introduction (Leader shows fifty cent piece): Who can tell me what this is? Yes, fifty cents. I am sure you boys and girls have often had fifty cents all your own to spend. It seems quite a sum just for a good time. But suppose fifty cents was all you had in the world, just fifty cents with which to buy your food, clothing, and shelter. How much would it seem then? My story this morning tells about a boy who with no home, no father, no mother, faced the world with just fifty cents, and how his courage and hard work brought him success.

The Story: He was just a poor negro boy with only fifty cents in his pocket. He was friendless, homeless and alone; and my, how tired! For he had traveled five hundred miles over the dusty road and now his goal was in sight. The great buildings of Hampton Institute loomed large before him. It was the greatest school for negroes in the country. The boy felt in his pockets. There was his last fifty cents, and how far would fifty cents go to pay his expenses in this school? Five hundred long, weary miles he had come to get an education. Would he succeed? "Courage," he thought, "I will win out." So through the gates of Hampton he went, and asked to see the head teacher. He was directed to her room, and said with

all the courage he could summon, "I've come to study in this school." The head mistress looked him up and down, then she said, "Have you any money to pay for it?" "No, ma'am," he said, "but I'm willing to work at anything, if only I may stay." She thought a moment, then said—"You may sweep that class-room across the hall. I'll come in one hour and see how you've done."

That was all, but the boy saw his chance. He seized the broom and went to work. He swept the room once, twice, three times, before he was satisfied it was as clean as he could make it. Then he took the duster and went over every crack and corner four times to be certain his job was perfect. He surveyed the room. He felt he had done his best. The room was spotless. Not a speck of dust or dirt could be found anywhere.

When the hour was up, the head mistress came to see the room. She rubbed the furniture and woodwork with her handkerchief. She peered at the floor and even into the closets. No dust or dirt could she find anywhere. Then she said "You may stay, and we'll make you the janitor; your work will pay your expenses while here."

The boy's heart jumped for joy. It meant hard work, but he was not afraid of work, for it meant an education—the greatest desire of his life.

As janitor and student he worked hard every minute. No play times for this boy. But with it all he kept courageous and cheerful. And at last, one day years later, came his reward. It was graduation day at Hampton, and the name of Booker T. Washington was read out as the commencement speaker for his class.

This was the highest honor Hampton could bestow. With all eyes upon him and every hand applauding, Booker Washington, the poor negro boy of years back, stepped forward.

Mr. Washington lived many years after this. He founded the great school for negroes at Tuskegee and served as its head many years. When he died, black and white, rich and poor, mourned for him. He is known to-day the world over as one of our great Americans.

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank thee for Booker Washington, and what his life meant to the world. We pray for his spirit to help us when we have hard things to do. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

SERVICE NO. III

ADRIFT ALL NIGHT ON A PAN OF ICE

APPROACH: Picture showing sleds and dog teams used previously, or picture of Labrador showing ice and snow (secured from public library, mission boards, or other source).

INTRODUCTION (show picture, with appropriate remarks as); Here is a picture of a very cold country called Labrador. Many years ago a brave man, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, gave up home and country to live among the Labrador fishermen. For here doctors were unknown and many people died each year for lack of a good doctor's care.

Many have been the adventures of good Dr. Grenfell during the years he has lived in Labrador. Our story this morning tells of the greatest one of them all.

THE STORY: It was bitterly cold. Great pans of ice, frozen solid, filled the sea. The traveling was dangerous even for a sure-footed dog team and brave driver. Then a call came: "A boy is very sick; would Dr. Grenfell come see him? They feared he might die."

"I'll go," said the doctor. "The shortest way will be over the frozen sea, but my dog team will carry me safe." So off he started. With great difficulty an island three miles off the coast was reached. From there it was just four miles further on to a rocky promontory, making the way much shorter than around the shore. Over the rough, frozen sea traveled the dogs. A strong wind blew the great ice pans towards shore—making the traveling safe. But suddenly the wind changed and blew strong from the land. Before the doctor had time to realize his danger the ice bridge over which he was traveling broke and he and his dogs were floundering in icy slush surrounded by the ice pans. All seemed lost for a time. But with superhuman effort one by one the doctor and his faithful dogs struggled out to one of the ice pans floating near them. So here they were safe for the moment only, adrift on an ice pan, traveling rapidly to sea. Too far from shore to be seen, his sledge and supplies gone, soaking wet, shivering with cold—there stood the brave doctor and his faithful dogs. "Night is coming on fast," he thought, "I must do something to keep myself from freezing." But never once did he fear, for

he felt God was with him, and would show nim what to do. He looked at his dogs. Should he sacrifice some of them to save his own life, or should he die with them? He thought of the suffering children; the many sick in Labrador, who had none but he to save them. He must live for them. So three of his dogs gave their lives for his that night. Wrapped in their skins he was saved from freezing to death, and even slept at times, lying close to one of his great dogs for added warmth. Morning broke at last. What could he do to attract attention to his plight? He finally made a flag of distress from a piece of his clothing. Then back and forth, hour after hour he waved it, praying that help would come. When too exhausted to wave longer he would sink back on the ice to rest, and his faithful dogs would lick his face. Their sympathy revived his courage to renewed effort. And at last, could it be? He thought he saw the gleam of a distant oar. Again he saw the gleam. Frantically he waved his flag! Yes, now there could be no doubt about it—there was the black line of a boat. Some of his fisherman friends were waving to him. Now he heard their shouts: "Keep on the ice pan, we are coming." After a long, hard fight they reached his side. He and his dogs were lowered into the boat. They were saved!

Dr. Grenfell loves to tell the story of this, his greatest adventure. But that which moves him the most is the loss of his three brave dogs, and in his home there hangs a tablet with these words:

"TO THE MEMORY OF THREE NOBLE DOGS, MOODY, WATCH, SPY—WHOSE LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR MINE ON

THE ICE APRIL TWENTY-FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT. WILFRED GRENFELL."

PRAYER: God, our Father, we thank Thee for Dr. Grenfell's great courage, and that his life was saved by his brave dogs. Give to us courage like his to meet the hard things of life. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

SERVICE No. IV

HOW GEN. PERSHING HONORED A BOY SCOUT HERO

APPROACH: A boy scout medal or insignia.

INTRODUCTION (show boy scout medal or badge): I hold in my hand a badge of honor. Every boy and girl scout knows its worth. It stands for hard work. My story this morning is about a boy scout hero, and how great honor came to him one day, not only because of hard work, but because of his brave spirit.

THE STORY: He lives in East Boston, Mass., and his name is James Thomas Smith, but somehow everybody in the neighborhood calls him "Brother." James is "Big Brother" to all the small boys and girls. They always know they can count on "Brother" for help any time. He lives on the water front, and there the boys and girls gather for good times—skating or swimming.

One February afternoon James and his grandmother were together in his home. A hard freeze the night before had brought out the children. From the window James could see the boys and girls skating around

on the ice. "I'm certain the ice is safe," he said. "See how many are out." "Oh, Brother," said his grandmother, "please wait a day or two longer. I'm certain the ice is thin in places. I should worry every minute if I thought you were out there. Please don't go."

James was a boy of few words; his "All right, grandmother," made certain he would not go near the ice that afternoon, and she did not worry when later she saw him leave the house. "I'll just go and look at the skaters," he thought.

Suddenly out on the ice he saw a commotion. Something was wrong. He saw that his nine-year-old chum, Herbert, had broken through. The ice was thin, as his grandmother had thought. A number of people were much nearer Herbert than was James. But that made no difference to James. Without stopping to think of the danger to himself he hurried to the rescue. Herbert saw him coming—"Brother, save me," he cried. And James did save him. Slowly and carefully he worked his way out over the thin ice to Herbert. He knew any moment it was likely to break again, but he saw just one thing to do, and that was to save Herbert. Just as the little fellow was going down for the third time, James caught his hand and dragged him to safety. Then he got his sled and a blanket and took Herbert home. Before his mother had time to worry once he was safe and warm in bed, none the worse for his icy bath.

Then for the first time, James thought of himself. He was soaked to the skin, too, so home he went making light of his deed. He felt he had only done his duty.

Photo by Blackinton
The Boston Herald

JAMES SMITH

"I am proud, James, to stand on this platform with you, and to present to you this medal, for saving a human life."—(*General Pershing*)

But some way the neighbors thought differently. There were others there that afternoon nearer than James to Herbert. They were older too. Yet James, a mere boy, had saved him. They remembered that when James was only ten years old he had stopped a runaway horse. They felt it was time he was honored for his brave deeds. So they wrote to Washington and told the story.

Then came a great day in James' life. It was Patriot's Day, April 19th, in Boston, and a great celebration was being held in old Faneuil Hall. Fifteen hundred people were there. James was there too.

Some notable men from Washington had come on for the celebration, among them General Pershing. James was called to the platform. In full scout uniform he stood straight as an arrow before General Pershing, then he heard him say: "To be born on Christmas Day (which is James' birthday) and to be decorated on April 19th in Faneuil Hall is as much honor as can possibly come to any boy. I am proud, James, to stand on this platform with you and to present to you this medal for saving a human life." Then James at the mayor's request, turned and led all those people there in the patriot's salute to their flag.

And, somehow, everybody felt that day that James was a true patriot with a character back of his medal that would serve his country every day of his life.

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee that boys and girls can be true patriots and, like James, serve God and their country every day they live. Amen.

HYMN: No. 201.

CHAPTER XI

Eleventh Month. Theme, "Good Citizenship."

AIM: To help children realize they have their part in helping their country achieve greatness; to help them see that America's greatest citizens have been those who have served their country well. To inspire them to do their part as opportunity offers.

BIBLE VERSE FOR LEADER: "The joy of the whole earth . . . is the city of the great King."

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "America" (or other patriotic selection).

SERVICE NO. I

HELPING UNCLE SAM

APPROACH: A picture of "Uncle Sam" if one can be secured.

A Talk About "Helping Uncle Sam."

(This talk is intended to be largely suggestive and adapted to localities where the children live.)

I am thinking of a picture I saw lately. It was that of a man with twinkling eyes and a broad smile. He wore a funny stove pipe hat, trimmed with a broad band of stars. His waistcoast and trousers were fashioned after a pattern all his own. Can you guess his name? Yes, he is your Uncle Sam and he stands for our great country America.

Now there is just one thing that can keep our country great. Perhaps you will think big cities, wonderful mountains and plains, great railroads and waterways, money, can make a country great. No, it is none of these things. Uncle Sam points his finger straight at you, and says, "You are my helpers, you boys and girls everywhere, working together, you and I, we can make a great country. Without your help, America can never be great; she will fail utterly."

And so everywhere the watchful eyes of Uncle Sam are eagerly searching for boys and girls.

The first thing he demands of his helpers is *obedience.*

Why do we have to have prisons in America? Because people do not *obey laws.* "No one is looking. I'll let out speed here," thinks the young man. Crash! Another smashed car and more lives lost, all because one of Uncle Sam's laws was broken.

Where do boys and girls first learn to obey laws? In their homes. Fathers and mothers are the law givers here. How many find it easy to get up in the morning when mother calls? How many are prompt at meals? How many can stop play when called; go to bed cheerfully; do that tiresome practicing? Every day of our lives, at home, at school, at play, boys and girls are called upon to obey laws and Uncle Sam finds out, sooner or later, the boys and girls who can obey.

Health is the second thing Uncle Sam wants. His best workers are boys and girls with strong bodies. Good health is possible for almost everybody these days.

Do you sleep with windows open, exercise in the

open air every day, drink milk, lots of pure water, eat green vegetables and fruit, instead of pie and cake? How about candy and ice cream? Do all your pennies go for such? Uncle Sam picks his helpers from boys and girls who obey the laws of health every day of their lives and so are growing strong, vigorous bodies.

The third thing is *"Hard working."* There are just two classes of people in this world. One class are the workers. They are on the lookout for work to do and they do it with a will. The other class are the shirkers. If they see a job to be done they look the other way. "Let some one else do it," they say. Uncle Sam needs workers, hard workers to help him make America great.

He saw a boy yesterday that made him laugh out loud with joy. He was carrying two big baskets, one on each arm. In them were the family groceries. This boy decided he could carry those home himself. By so doing he helped his mother, saved the grocer's time and cost of delivery. He was a *worker.*

One day last summer a boy was seen slowly pushing a small wheelbarrow. In it were leaves and sticks he had raked from the lawn. Every step he took the wind scattered his load back on the lawn again. But did he care? Not much. "I have to work an hour," he said, "and then I can go swimming." Uncle Sam shakes his head. No worthy worker here, he thinks.

What a contrast to this did the boy and girl make last winter as with cheeks aglow they shoveled away, making paths through the deep snow. "Come on coasting," calls a playmate. "Not till we finish this path," they shout. "My, what fun to shovel paths."

Yes, fun, but hard work, too. And that's what hard work is, fun, every time, if we work with a will. Many a country boy and girl knows what work means. It means berries to pick, hay to rake, cows to drive from the pasture, vegetables to pick. Do you know how many times Uncle Sam chooses his very best helpers from country boys and girls? Just look them up and see!

Education comes next.

Every day Uncle Sam visits his schools. Up and down he travels, east, west, north, south, into country schools, city schools. Eagerly his eyes are searching out the boys and girls who are being prepared here. A good education is possible for us all. How many are making records in school, earning stars and promotions? What hard work just attending school means for some, getting up before daylight; walking long distances, morning and night. Watch again and see how many of Uncle Sam's best educated helpers come from the country! Don't let the country boys and girls get ahead every time!

Coöperation is the next thing Uncle Sam looks for in his helpers. Coöperation means doing things together. Keeping his holidays is a great time for this.

The 4th of July used to mean only noise, death and destruction. Now community sports, games, contests and good times generally have come instead.

Not long ago the daily paper had a picture of a large group of children. Together they had given a beautiful pageant for their home town, under careful training. Two or three of them alone could not have done it, but all working together, a fine piece of work for

their town was achieved. Uncle Sam's eyes are always watching out to see the boys and girls who can play fair together. The baseball team, that is a team, works together for the best interests of all.

Then comes *Order.*

How about your street and front yards? Do you help here? Uncle Sam despises seeing disorder of any kind, and names scrawled over public places he feels disgrace any street or building. Uncle Sam thinks much of his parks and public buildings, too, and it makes his eyes shine when he sees boys and girls careful here. Not long ago a great parade was passing. To enable the boys and girls to get a better view, the hill leading to the State Capitol was thrown open to them. In five minutes more damage was done than could be repaired in several hours. The grass was trampled, papers and rubbish scattered about by careless boys and girls. Uncle Sam's best helpers are always thoughtful of these things.

How many of you love to go camping? How many are careful to protect Uncle Sam's forests, watchful for damaging fires? Do we care for the wild flowers, that there may be enough for all to enjoy? When you go home, think of all the ways you can help Uncle Sam care for your property, for his property is yours, you know. As you visit your parks, take books from your library, enjoy your swimming pools and gymnasiums, think of all you can do to be a real helper

And the last word is *Christian.*

Some years ago some people got the idea that a church was not necessary in their community. "We can do without one," they said. "We will put our

money into something we need more." So they built a big town hall.

But it was not long before that town became unfit to live in. It finally became so wicked that trains never dared to stop there. With no church to go to people quickly forgot God and his laws, and all they owed him. They could not prosper.

Uncle Sam wants to see churches in every community and more, he wants to see his boys and girls attending them regularly. For well he knows that what the church teaches will make his boys and girls the best helpers of all.

Not long ago a church school was holding its Rally Day. At this time some of its members were called to the front and given an award for regular attendance. Some had attended a whole year without missing one Sunday. Then came those attending two years, three-four-five years. One even had a record for seven perfect years of attendance.

So here we have the kind of helpers that Uncle Sam can depend upon to make America great.

Obedient, healthy, hardworking, educated, coöperative, orderly, Christian.

We can't be all these things at once, but we can begin to be and the harder we try, the more certain we can be. Uncle Sam will call us to the big jobs later on. And remember he has a fine one for every one of you, if you are ready when the time comes.

PRAYER: God our Father, help us every day we live, in all ways we can, to serve our country. Help us never forget that the kind of men and women we will be depends upon the kind of boys and girls we

are now. So help us to live that we may never fail our country. Amen.

HYMN:

SERVICE NO. II

FOUR CAPTIVE PRINCES IN A PALACE

APPROACH: A box of candy and a package of well-known cereal.

INTRODUCTION: You will remember that one of the things Uncle Sam requires of his workers is that they be healthy. I have in my hand two boxes. One contains candy and the other cereal. Tell me which one will help most to grow a strong body. Yet if I should ask you which you would rather eat, I am sure you would all say candy.

It takes will power to choose the right food every day and always do those things that will grow strong bodies. Our story this morning tells of four young princes who used their wills in this way, and what their reward was.

THE STORY: The great siege was ended. Jerusalem, the capital city, was taken. The King of Judah and all his subjects were prisoners of war.

Then spake the conqueror, the King of Babylon, to his servants.

"Search me out from among the captives four youths of royal blood, most perfect in form, strong in body and mind. I desire that for three years these young princes live in my palace and become skilled in all the ways of my royal court. After this time I

will see them and judge myself how well fitted they shall be for honor in my kingdom."

And so it was that soon after four young princes found themselves captives, far from home and friends in the palace of the King of Babylon.

Then did young Prince Daniel comfort his three friends saying, "Let us be courageous of heart, true to our God and our country. For who knowest what shall yet come to pass for us, if we but prove faithful?"

The keeper of the young princes soon learned to love and admire them for their friendly ways. As he served them by the King's order with choicest wines and rich food, he urged that they eat plentifully, saying, "So shall ye delight the King's heart."

But rich food was something these young men had never had. Wine they had never even tasted. As they looked upon the rich food spread temptingly before them, they remembered well the simple fare that had been theirs in their far away land. Too well they knew this food had made their bodies strong and sturdy. What would happen if now they ate the King's rich food and drank wine, instead of water?

"What thinkest thou, Daniel?" said the three. "Shall we refuse the King's fare? What then shall be our fate?"

Then said Daniel, "Fear not. Behold I will intercede for us all."

So on the following day when the tempting food was served them, Daniel said, "I and my three friends here may not eat the King's food. As for wine, never have we tasted it yet in all our lives. May we not have for

our portion the simple food we have eaten all our lives, pure water to drink and grains to eat?"

"Nay, say not so," said the keeper, "for truly thy life and the lives of thy three friends are in my keeping. Did I but give thee grain to eat and water to drink, thy health would fail and my life would be taken from me. For is it not the command of my lord the King that the choicest of food and drink be brought ye, from his table, three times each day? So shall ye grow daily fairer and stronger till the three years of trial be past."

"Nay, not so," pleaded Daniel. "Let us but prove we are right. Bring to us for ten days the simple food we crave, and thou shalt be the judge."

Reluctantly at last, their request was granted. "It shall be as thou sayest for ten days," said their keeper. "After that, must ye all partake of the King's food."

So for ten days the four captive princes ate their plain fare, and drank water. The other young men in the palace laughed them to scorn. "Behold these foolish fellows," they said. "Watch them starve!"

And they gorged themselves upon the choice food and wine from the King's table.

But to the great astonishment of all the result was even as Daniel had said, for at the end of the ten days he and his friends weighed more and looked far healthier than any of the other young men of the palace.

And so the years passed rapidly by. Daniel and his friends kept on with their chosen food. Taller and stronger they grew day by day. Soon they surpassed all the other young men in the palace in strength and

skill. Daily they gave themselves earnestly to their tasks and learned all their teachers could impart.

And when at last they stood before the King he viewed them with astonishment and delight. Turning to the Prince of the court, he said, "Behold in all my kingdom I find none equal to these four young princes. They shall stand among the first in my kingdom."

Daniel and his friends had been true to their country and their God. What joy was theirs!

PRAYER: Our Father, may the choice be ours to follow the example of these young princes to grow strong bodies and keen minds, so that we may serve our country well. Amen.

HYMN: America (or selected).

SERVICE NO. III

THE WORLD'S FAMILY DOCTOR

APPROACH: A glass of water.

INTRODUCTION: One of the surest ways to keep our bodies in good healthy condition is to drink plenty of water. To keep our health is one of the surest ways to become helpers of Uncle Sam.

Sometimes, however, we get sick. Uncle Sam has a whole army of great helpers here, who come to our homes and help get us well. Who are they?

The American doctor is one of our very best citizens. We have an American citizen to-day who has earned the title of "The World's Family Doctor." Listen to his story.

THE STORY: Not long ago there was a big dinner party in Washington. Six thousand people came to that dinner. After the dinner there were speeches, and one of them was all about one of the guests to that dinner. They called him, "America's Family Doctor." He was Mr. Herbert Hoover, and then they asked Mr. Hoover to stand up. And my how those six thousand people clapped and cheered. Perhaps you will wonder why. Here is the story of Mr. Hoover, one of America's greatest friends. For many years Mr. Hoover was a mining engineer. As such he traveled all over the world. Then came the terrible world war, and Mr. Hoover started on his big job of helping people.

The little country of Belgium was now ravaged and destitute. Thousands were starving. Could America help her? "We must do something," we said. Then we thought of our great friend, Mr. Hoover. "He will show us how," everybody said. "He is the one man who can." We made him our Food Administrator and he went to work. He showed us how to save our food, how to make one loaf of bread do the work of two, one spoon of sugar on our cereal instead of three or four. Mothers began to make cakes without using eggs, brown sugar instead of white. Children learned to eat bread made from dark flour, and no crusts were thrown away.

In all these ways, Mr. Hoover showed us how to economize, to save and to share. Shipload after shipload of food was sent to Belgium, which Mr. Hoover and his helpers distributed throughout the stricken

country. And the Belgian people were saved from starvation.

And still the war went on. The Armenian people now began to feel the terrible scourge. Men and women were massacred by the thousands. Little children were left homeless, with no fathers or mothers to care for them. "If only Mr. Hoover would come help us," was the cry. And once again our Family Doctor went to the rescue.

He organized relief; he built orphanages for the children; he distributed food and clothes. Again and again he cabled America, "Keep on sending your food and money, so the Armenian children can be saved." To-day thousands of healthy, happy, active Armenian boys and girls owe their lives to Mr. Hoover.

And at last our turn came. The war was ended. A terrible disaster came to America. The waters of the Mississippi River rose as never before. The great levees counted on to hold the water back gave way and for miles upon miles the country was flooded with a rushing torrent. Houses were swept away and multitudes of people were left without shelter, food or clothing. Again the call came for Mr. Hoover. In less time than it takes to tell you, he was on the job. The people welcomed him with tears of joy. "Now Mr. Hoover is here, our lives are saved," they said. And it was so. Quietly, quickly and efficiently Mr. Hoover went to work. Up and down the stricken country he traveled, all day and all night. He quickly picked his helpers and through them money, food and clothes were distributed to the sufferers. Every night he went to the radio and broadcasted his message to the

American people, pleading to them to keep on sending their money and their food.

To-day it is said, Mr. Hoover has been active in saving the lives of more people than any other man who has ever lived. And that is always the work of good doctors, to save lives. Do you wonder why we call Mr. Hoover the World's Family Doctor?

PRAYER: God our Father, we thank thee for our great friend and citizen, Mr. Herbert Hoover, and that through him so many lives, the world over, have been saved. Amen.

HYMN: America (or selected).

SERVICE No. IV

A MAN WHO PUT THE WORLD ON WHEELS

APPROACH: Picture of a very fine touring car.

INTRODUCTION: How many of you enjoy auto rides? How many have gone on camping trips and driven many miles by auto? How many of you hope to drive a car some day? How many of you even think you may hope to own one?

Some of the greatest pleasures in life come to us through the use of the auto.

There was one man, a true friend of the American people, who saw this more clearly than any one else. Here is his story.

THE STORY: In Dearborne, Mich., there lives one of our truly great citizens. Twenty-five years ago, he

was poor and unknown. To-day he is one of the richest men in the world and is known the world over. Very few of us have ever seen him. Yet he has brought good times, health, friendship, business success to millions of people. His name is Henry Ford.

The greatest event of his boyhood days he says, happened when he was thirteen years old.

Driving along the road with his father he met a road engine and here he saw his first "Motor Car." Henry was always keenly interested in machinery. He fairly flew from his seat to the ground, over to this strange looking vehicle. He asked a thousand eager questions about it and from that time could never forget this first "horseless machine." Later he determined it should be his life's work. "Horses hitched to wagons and carriages must go," he said. "There is a better, swifter way to get over the roads."

How the people laughed at him. "You are crazy," they said, but young Henry was happy every day and all day. To be sure he worked seventeen hours out of every twenty-four, for only $3.50 per week, but he loved work and made play out of it. He was learning to do the thing he wanted to do. He was learning all about machinery. And slowly his great idea was taking shape. "Some day I will make a car," he said. "A car that will run by an engine and carry passengers on the road." Others were beginning to try this idea out too, but their attempts were very costly, only the rich might ever hope to own one.

"If only I could make a good inexpensive car," he kept thinking, "so that everybody could have one. Wouldn't that be a great thing to do?" "Well, it can't

be done," said people everywhere. "This man is just a plain fool." "It can be done, I'll do it," said Mr. Ford. "Some day I'll make a car so cheap that everybody can have one and I'll make 1000 of them every day I live." "You're crazy," said his friends. "Watch me," said Mr. Ford.

So he worked harder than ever to perfect his car. Time and again he thought he had one that would go on the road. He would push it into the streets, while his neighbors stood by watching. Then it would refuse to go an inch, and everybody would shout with laughter. But Mr. Ford just kept on quietly working. "Let them laugh," he said. "Some day my car will run." And of course finally it did run. The Ford Car was here.

And then came criticism, far and wide. "Why don't you make a good looking car?" "Yours is nothing but a flivver. A 'tin Lizzie.' Make a fine looking one and sell it for a big price and so make money." "I'm not out to make money," said Mr. Ford. "I'm satisfied to sell to poor people and have them enjoy life. My life ambition is to build a car that everybody can own and build more of them than any other factory in the world."

To-day Mr. Ford has realized his ambition. He started out to serve the people. It has brought him happiness, riches, success. Every day he lives, everywhere he goes, he sees men, women, boys and girls, riding in his Ford Car. If they had been compelled to wait for money to buy the big expensive cars, they would have waited all their days, but here they go,

happy, healthy, carefree, to business, to summer camps, to outings, everywhere, because of the Ford Car.

And Henry Ford is satisfied! For he has done what he started out to do. His dream came true.

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee for our splendid citizen, Henry Food, and all the joy and happiness he has brought to so many people. Amen.

HYMN: America (or selected).

CHAPTER XII

Twelfth Month. Theme, "Being Friends with the World"

AIM: To direct the attention of the children to the many nations and peoples of the world and to their different manners, customs and beliefs. To show the necessity for friendship as the one and only means to a warless world. To inspire the thought of real world friendship.

BIBLE VERSE FOR THE LEADER: "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

HYMN FOR THE MONTH: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," No. 260.

SERVICE NO. I

APPROACH: A small world globe. A few national flags to use in the talk, including the United States Flag.

A TALK ABOUT WORLD FRIENDSHIP

I want to talk to you this morning on "being friends with the world."

Did you ever stop to think of the many different kinds of people there are in this great big world of ours?

Let us see if we can name a few of these countries. (Here may be shown two or three flags of the dif-

ferent nations, ending with the United States of America.)

We cannot take time to begin to name all these countries but now I want to ask you a few questions. Is it necessary to see people to be friends with them? How many of you have seen President Coolidge? Do you feel he is your friend? How many of you ever saw Washington? Abraham Lincoln? Yet every one of these men we feel are our friends. The greatest friend the world ever has seen or ever will see is Jesus Christ. Very few ever saw him while he lived on this earth. Yet millions of people the world around know him as their greatest friend to-day. So we find we do not have to see people to be friends with them.

Every country in the world has a different type of dress. The Chinese children wear a loose one-piece garment, quite different from the suits and dresses American boys and girls wear. The children of Holland wear wooden shoes, big loose trousers and full skirts. The Japanese children wear gay silk and cotton kimonos. So it goes the world over. Could we be friends with people who did not dress as we do?

Food varies in different countries. The Italian children can live very largely on macaroni. The children of China love rice and live on it day after day. In Switzerland, the people drink goats' milk and prefer it to cows'. The Esquimo's children love whale blubber and eat it as you would candy.

Do these things make any real difference? Can we be friends with them just the same?

How about schools? You love your school. You think it's the best of the kind in all the world, and so it

is for you, perhaps, but in some countries children sit on the floor in their schools, and have no desks to write at, yet they learn their lessons, just as you do and are smart, bright, active boys and girls, just the same.

How about houses? The Indian boys and girls live in Tepees. The Esquimos live in Igloos made of ice and snow. Children of Africa live in mud huts. Thousands of American boys and girls live in great apartment houses, or in prairie huts, far out West.

Does this make any difference? Can we all still be friends?

The boys and girls in some countries can do many things others cannot do. The Esquimo boy will harness a dog team and drive it skillfully over the ice. The Armenian boys and girls will take the tin cans and other things we throw away and make fine plates and cups from them. The girls all make their own dresses out of material American children would discard. The Japanese boys can fly kites with skill unknown to an American boy.

Would this hinder their friendship for us, do you think?

Now listen, here comes the hardest thing of all. The God many of these boys and girls have been taught to worship is not your Heavenly Father. Some countries call God, "Allah," to others he is the "Great Spirit," to still others he is "Buddha."

Perhaps you will say this is very, very hard to be real friends with people who do not believe in or worship God our Father.

But we must remember they have never been taught

to do so, nor have they had any real chance to know him. Thousands upon thousands have never even heard his name.

The great big need of God's world is that all his children know and love him and know and love one another. What brought the great world war upon us? It was because people were not friends. We used to think war was glorious and to be a soldier was the greatest thing a boy could grow to be. To-day we know differently. We know that war is cruel, hateful and the most terrible calamity that can come upon us. The boys and girls of to-day can determine now that there shall never be another world war, that they will make it forever impossible, by learning to be friends, real friends with everybody else in God's world.

PRAYER: Our Father, we pray for all our friends, the children of the world. Teach us ways by which we may show our love and learn to know how we may help one another. Help us to grow up hating war with our whole hearts. Help us to learn more about each other every day and so become better friends. Amen.

SERVICE NO. II

A JOURNEY IN A CHARIOT

APPROACH: Review briefly the talk of last Sunday, by showing flags of other nations.

INTRODUCTION: We have spoken of the many people there are in the world, who have never heard of God, or even the name of Jesus. Do you think there

are any such in the United States? Any in our {city? / town?}

How can we help? Give money to pay people to teach them? Yes, but while some of us may not have much money to give, there is one way we can all help. We can live the kind of life that Jesus wants us to live, so that every one we meet will know that not only are we their friends but friends of Jesus, too.

Our story this morning tells us of a man, who had no money to give, yet he helped some one else to know Jesus, who had never heard his name before.

THE STORY: He was very rich and lived in a far away country called Ethiopia. He held a very high and responsible position, for he had charge of all the Queen's jewels. He loved God with his whole heart and one of the great desires of his life was to visit the great Jewish temple in Jerusalem.

At last the time came when he felt he might be spared from his duties, so calling his servant he told him to make ready his chariot for the journey. As he entered Jerusalem he gave orders that he be driven at once to the great temple. How beautiful it looked with the sun shining on its great courts and white marble pillars! Never in all his life had this man seen such a wonderful temple. He passed from court to court, up and down the marble stairways, and entered room after room. The sight filled him with wonder and amazement.

"Truly I stand in the presence of the great God of Israel," he thought and he bowed low in worship and adoration.

After a long time he turned away and, entering his chariot, he started for home. As he rode along, he took from the folds of his garment his well worn copy of the Old Testament. Opening it thoughtfully, he read these words: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter and as a lamb before his shearer is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

Again and yet again he read these words over. "What do they mean?" he thought; "of whom was the prophet speaking?" He could not tell. He longed to know.

Now it happened that several days before this, Philip, one of Jesus' disciples, had had a very strange dream. In it he saw a man riding in a chariot, reading a book. Then he heard a voice like an angel speaking to him. The voice said, "Rise, Philip, and go with all haste to Gaza, for I have work there for thee to do."

In the morning Philip tried hard to forget his dream. He was very busy doing God's work where he was, there were sick to heal, people to teach, sermons he must preach. Why should he leave just because of a dream? But the voice of his dream seemed to persist. "Go, Philip, go." So at last Philip left everything and started for Gaza.

And as he traveled along whom should he see but the man of his dream seated in a chariot, reading a little book.

"Go nearer," said the voice. Then Philip perceived that this stranger was a foreigner with a dark swarthy skin. "Surely it can't be that I am to help this man," he thought. "Besides he is rich, he can have no need of me." But just then the man looked up and saw

Philip. There was a strange puzzled look in his eyes, as though he was wondering about something. Philip came and stood beside the chariot. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" said Philip.

"Alas, sir, no," said the man. "How can I except some one shall guide me? Perchance thou canst help me, sir. Oh, wouldst thou but tarry if only for a few moments, and tell me of whom the prophet speaks in this book." Philip climbed quickly into the chariot and sat down beside the man. His heart beat with great joy. Now he understood what his dream meant. How glad he was he had come.

"Hast thou never heard of Jesus?" he asked. "Jesus," said the man. "Nay, never have I heard of him. Pray who was he?"

"It is he of whom the prophet speaks in thy little book," said Philip. And then for the first time in all his life this man heard the story of Jesus, God's well-beloved son, of the angel's song, of the babe born in Bethlehem, of the kindly gentle boy who grew into manhood, and spent his life helping his fellowmen. Eagerly the man listened to every word. "Where is he now," he cried, "tell me that I may go to see him. I will travel to the ends of the earth to worship him." "Nay," said Philip. "Thou canst not see him on earth. The Jewish leaders have put him to death; they crucified him!" Tears streamed down the man's cheeks. "Alas, alas, had I know this sooner, then I too might have been his friend and follower." "Thou canst still be that," said Philip. "See there is a stream of water near. Thou canst be baptized and forevermore pledge thy life in his service." So Philip and the Ethiopian

stepped down to the little stream together and there he was baptized and pledged his life forever in service to Jesus, the Christ.

Then Philip parted from him and the man went on his homeward way, rejoicing with all his heart. "From this day on," he said, "my life shall be spent in telling others about my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

PRAYER: Our Father, help us to live our lives as Jesus would have us live them, and so do our part to help others to know him. Amen.

HYMN: No. 260.

SERVICE NO. III

A FLYING HERO BRINGS FRIENDSHIP TO THE NATIONS

APPROACH: A daily newspaper.

INTRODUCTION: What is this I hold in my hand? I may read of many things every day in my paper. One thing I shall be sure to read about. The last flight somewhere by airplane.

If you boys and girls had made a flight across the ocean, what would be the thing you would be most likely to talk about when you got back, your flight, your medals, how kind the people were to you in the strange country where you landed? I think so.

Now listen to our story this morning.

THE STORY: Twenty-five thousand dollars for a non-stop flight from New York to Paris! Who would prove himself the conqueror of the air in such a flight? Six men had already lost their lives in the

attempt. Commodore Byrd still waited to take the air, determined to conquer where others had failed.

Then suddenly without warning an unknown youth appeared upon the scene. His plane bore the name, "Spirit of St. Louis." "My name is Charles Lindbergh. I have come to fly to Paris," he said. People gasped and wondered in amazement. Some smiled in amusement. Confidently, yet modestly, this unknown flier went about preparing his plane for the great flight. But the weather was not favorable. So he patiently waited, day after day, longing to be off, yet still waiting. Finally the day came when flight was safe. With confidence sure, and courage high, young Lindbergh climbed into the cockpit of his plane and took the air, and the intrepid Spirit of St. Louis was soon rapidly lost to sight.

Alone, yet not alone, for the prayers of the whole world were with him, onward this valiant youth winged his way across the broad Atlantic.

Once temptation gripped him. A freezing rain set in, a blinding fog obscured his vision. "Turn back," whispered an unseen voice, "turn back, foolish one. Death will be your portion, otherwise."

"Nay, not so," said Lindbergh. "To-morrow I shall see Paris." And he grit his teeth and flew steadily on.

And he did see Paris. What a welcome was his after his many hours of lonely flight, for this slender, modest, courageous youth who dared all to achieve victory.

Honors came crowding upon him. " 'Tis because of my country," he thought. "For I have done nothing."

"A Flying Hero Brings Peace and Good Will"

In the midst of all, came the call of America. Come home, come home to your country that most of all longs to do you honor. We are sending a transport for you and your plane, to bring you back.

"But, may I not stay longer?" begged Lindbergh. "We, my plane and I, would return by longer route, we would fly home."

"Not so," said America. "We must have you here. Come home to us." And though his disappointment was keen his answer came promptly, "We must obey, we will return."

So home he sailed in a few short days, and now we see him in Washington. Surely, never was a home-coming like this one. The sight may never be forgotten. On a huge platform, erected in the monument grounds, President and Mrs. Coolidge, Ambassadors of foreign countries, the diplomatic corps, with other high officials of government, waited to honor and welcome the world's young hero. Surrounding this platform as far as the eye could see, the American people by the thousands waited to do their share. The cry is raised, "He comes, he comes," and the crowd leaned forward with breathless interest as a tall slender youth was seen to climb slowly up the steps of the platform. The sun shone down upon his uncovered head and crowned him as with gold.

And now the voice of the President may be heard and the waiting throngs bend forward to catch every word, words that tell of Lindbergh's early youth, of his rigorous training in the army air schools, of his years of perilous air mail service, of the spirit and courage with which he had taken off alone in his plane,

and achieved his courageous victory, and finally of his steadfast refusal to commercialize his flight and make money out of his achievement.

Cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the President then advanced and pinned the distinguished flying cross upon the breast of Colonel Lindbergh.

Then followed a hush more eloquent than cheers for this slender youth, the young world hero, had come forward to give his message to the American people. The radio machines waited to catch the words and broadcast them to waiting millions.

Lindberg moved to the center of the platform. For a few moments he paused. He looks and feels the importance of the words that he shall speak. What will they be? For all time they will go down in the history of the world.

"On the 24th of May last I arrived in Paris," he said. "During the week I spent in France and Europe and the short period in London the people there asked me to bring back one message. It is this:

" 'You have seen the affection of the people of France for the people of America demonstrated to you. When you return take this message to your people.'

"I thank you."

That was all! Not one word of himself, his plane, his flight. Just a simple message of good-will, from Europe to America.

But the heart of the nations took the message home. "We are friends," they said, "friends as never before, because of this modest intrepid youth, Lindbergh, the flying hero of the ages."

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank thee for Col. Lindbergh, his life, his work, his courage, his high ideals. May we too live to help bring friendship to the nations. Amen.

HYMN: No. 260.

SERVICE No. IV

HOW TEN THOUSAND DOLLS SAID, "WE LOVE YOU"

"And the spirit of childhood shall show us the way to friendship that lasts and to peace that shall stay."

APPROACH: A Japanese and an American doll may be shown. If the church has shared in the sending of one or more of the friendship dolls, this may be referred to.

INTRODUCTION: I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that Christmas is a festival day, dear to the hearts of us all. "Merry Christmas" it is indeed! All countries have their great festival times. As our stories are to be about Japan this month, we are interested to know something of theirs. The great Festival of Dolls, called the *Hina Matsuri,* of Japan is one of the best loved of them all. Not only little girls, but the whole nation, have a part in this. Dolls and their belongings are on display everywhere, from humblest to richest homes, while stores both great and small give large places to dolls of all sizes and kinds.

Some months ago the question was asked: "What can our children send Japan, to best express their

friendship?" And the answer quickly came: "Let them send dolls, for the Japanese Doll Festival." It was done. Over 10,000 dolls were sent and our story this morning tells something of the joy they brought to Japan.

THE STORY: Sadako had wonderful news, such wonderful news! She could hardly wait to tell it. Would school never end? But now she was really home, alone with mother at last!

"Honorable mother," she said very softly, "do you remember the great news we had from America about the wonderful dolls they were sending us for our great Hina Matsuri?"

"Dear daughter, it was but a fairy tale," said mother. "Believe it not. America would send us no dolls, they do not love us!"

"Yes, dear honorable mother, they do love us. 'Tis no fairy tale. 'Tis the truth. You shall surely see."

"From whom did you receive such great news, Sadako?"

"From Sinna San, who goes to Sunday school. And oh, dear mother, 'tis indeed true, for the wonderful American dolls are here and to-morrow we go to receive them. And perhaps, just perhaps, I shall have one given me too."

Scarcely could Sadako sleep that night, for thinking of the wonderful American dolls. Bright and early she and Sinna San were dressed in their very best, eagerly making their way to the great hall where the big doll reception was to take place.

But truly, never did the streets seem so crowded with great ox-carts, peddlers, baby carriages, jinrikishas,

and the like. The two girls could proceed but slowly. "Oh, hurry, Sinna San," cried Sadako. "Just supposing we should be too late to see the beautiful American dolls?" So pushing and squeezing their way through the crowd at last they arrived at the reception hall.

"Here children, this way," called a friendly voice. And there was their school teacher beckoning them forward.

Once inside the hall the two girls found a great crowd of school children, hundreds and hundreds of them. The hall was gay with Japanese and American flags, and the dolls, oh, the wonderful American dolls, they were the most beautiful of all to behold.

"Oh, just look, Sinna San," whispered Sadako. "See the three beautiful princesses who have come to see the wonderful dolls." But then both the girls had to stop looking around and join all the other children as they rose and sang the Japanese anthem. How their hearts thrilled when little Miss Tokugawa, granddaughter of Prince Tokugawa, was called forward to receive the beautiful doll, "Miss America," from Betty Ballantine, seven-year-old daughter of the American consul. Then forty-eight children from the American School in Tokio handed forty-eight dolls, representing our forty-eight States, to forty-eight Japanese girls.

Then came songs, both American and Japanese, and many speeches by great men there, who talked much of the friendship dolls and their message. So much of it Sinna San and Sadako could not begin to understand. But later, when each girl clasped a beautiful American doll in her arms, then they understood, oh,

so well, just how it was that a doll could say, "I love you."

"Oh mother, dear honorable mother," said Sadako, clasping her dolly close, "America does love us, my dolly tells me so."

PRAYER: Our Father, we are so glad that the friendship dolls have helped the Japanese children see how much we love them. Amen.

HYMN: No. 260.

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